

**Back To
School...
Why?**

SEPTEMBER 1970/CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE/35¢

MACLEAN'S



**Don Sutherland of
M*A*S*H—Canada's
Wizard of Odd**



for people
with a taste
for something
better 



LENY, MEENY, MINI, MAXI

The '71 Cars: Why A Good Year For Them Means A Good Year For Us

LET BATTLE COMMENCE. — Detroit is turning around to meet the bug.

Sales of imported cars (excluded by the Volkswagen) soared to more than a million last year. North American car sales slumped. It was a bad year for the Canadian-U.S. auto business. Another one could cause the proportions of disaster for us all.

Armed with the Georgia (American Motors), the Pinto (Ford) and the Vega (Chevrolet), Detroit aims out this month to capture the muscular market. Chrysler joins the fray in a few weeks.

All Detroit's attacks are designed to match what market researchers say are the overwhelming charms of the imports: design that doesn't change yearly, size that makes them easy to handle in traffic, uncomplaining engines that are easy and cheap to fix, and economy.

But that's not all. With the new models now being launched, Detroit has joined the automobile market. The competitors remain, but the big standard cars have grown longer, faster, more opulent than ever at one end of the scale, bigger muscles at the other.

Whatever your attitude toward the automobile — and to ecology-conscious motorists it's an oxymoron — we all have a tremendous, even frightening stake in its sales. The jobs of one in four of us are directly, deeply or at least partly sustained by the automobile. The economic health of Canada and the United States depends to an enormous extent on whether or not the new models sell well.

This Canada Report traces the way our jobs, our lifestyle and our spending power all depend on the fate of the car. It's a story of how the North American car is now under way, involving the 1971 cars. □

BY ALAN EDMONDS

Detroit declares war on the imports: Introducing the 'Model T' of '71

FOR ALL THE POWER, performance and apparent pride with which North America's auto makers are launching their 1971 cars, there's an air of bewilderment — even dismay — in the executive suites of Detroit.

For 15 years Detroit has sold splendour, status, luxury and over-engineering overseas. Now, as a bid to lift the industry out of the doldrums, car manufacturers are back to square one: the sales in the 1971 autos in the three big cars — Gremlin, Vega and Pinto — which are simple transportation, rather than Henry Ford's Model T, which is where it all began.

Like the Volkswagens, the Toyotas, Corollas and the Datsuns, which they are designed to beat in the marketplace, Detroit's new imports are very basic cars, although you can pay a lot for extra frills which you control all by yourself. (Automatic shift apart, there are no power extras.) They're low on mileage, fuel economy and safety for equipment. **NEWNESS?** Chevrolet promises there will be no major design changes in its Vega for at least four years. Ford and American Motors make similar promises for the Pinto and Gremlin. Chrysler's easy to win Detroit officially describes as the "sub-compact market" won't appear until the new year.

The North American sub-compact is the most visible of all reflections of the prevailing economic and social climate. It's full and spilling to its brims, modest and restrained in a last. The new, four-door model is now consistently above the mood of 1970. Yet all were first conceived in the boom years of 1966 when no one could have predicted today's economic recession.

It happened before. In 1966 and 1966, when a recession produced a public mood of caution, American Motors was in the right place at the right time with its compact Rambler series, and the Big Three weren't far behind. Yet it took two years to get a car from designer to dealer — to know the auto makers do it.

The answer lies with us — in the trends we establish with every car we buy. In 1969-68 the reason for producing compact cars was the fact that for several years overseas buyers had been increasingly turning to imports, which by then were taking around 16% of the market.

Detroit's companies did have the tide. Imports sales dropped to below 6% of total sales in 1965. But by then the economy was over, and the compact was no longer worthy of the name. Reflecting prosperity again, they grew larger, fatter, wider Detroit was back selling splendour, status, luxury and over-engineering. Then, slowly, the imports made a comeback, taking the Canadian line. Sales of the 10 million cars sold last year, more than one million were imports. Figures for early this year show imports making even greater gains.

Significantly, the big standard American sedan last year sold typically, 14% of Ford's line. In 1965, year standardised cars, this year the figure is down to 10%.

Currently, Ford's compact Mustang is introduced in 1971. In 1970, it was the successful new car in its sub-compact category, Mustang included. Privately, one Ford executive says, "Without the Mustang, we'd have been in trouble."

The industry is in trouble anyway. When Detroit proposed to 1970 models line fall, sales exports plummeted a drop back to 5.3 million total sales. Early figures show they'll be lucky if one million cars were sold in the 1970 model year.

Detroit could have learned from Canada, which led the power trend to sell cars. Last year, while imports took around 12% of the total North American market, just 16% of the Canadian market. This year, Canadian sales figures are even more alarming to Detroit: almost one quarter of the new cars sold by the end of April were imports.

And the symbolic import — the honey-wine bearing shadow cars the total target to greet Detroit's 1971 cars — is the big, the Volkswagen. In production, it's the world's No. one in Italy to do the complex arithmetic to find out whether that's true. But it is a traffic jam will be shorter in the coming year of the left-hand car. Well, heaven for little cars.

There is a danger that Detroit's sudden attempt to sell the big will obscure the fact that there are other North American cars for 1971. Most of the big cars, like the new Chevrons and Pontiacs, have been completely redesigned: the new Chevy, for instance, bears a distinct family resemblance to the 1970 Cadillac, as do several General Motors cars.

All the big cars have compact wheelbases — by up to eight inches. All the cars are also synonymous with the economy Detroit car — Ford, Chevy, Pontiac — have 1971 models designed to invade the market for more traditionally American cars such as the Mercury, Oldsmobile and Buick.

The new reason to be plagues the automobile — larger budgets at one end, tighter budgets at the other.

The North River car company now has an eight-year-old model. It advances it by saying that if North American eight-year-old cars were as small as the Rover the space would would three-and-a-half times again the world. No one in Italy to do the complex arithmetic to find out whether that's true. But it is a traffic jam will be shorter in the coming year of the left-hand car. Well, heaven for little cars.

The 1971 multi-triplets from Detroit line up again . . .



Gremlin



Vega



Pinto



Volkswagen



Dart



Toyota

... the three leading imports in the Battle of the Bugs

Second class and registration fee 1960



The Volkswagens: John David Eaton, cops and 300,000 Canadians drive it

\$1745 to \$1790 for a base Chevrolet) must they be status-poor, so they invented their own. Many owners decorated their legs with a sticker that read "Made by elves in the Black Forest."

Volkswagen means "the people's car." It was first produced at the height of Adolf Hitler in the late 1930s, and later turned down by the British (who could have had designs and plans in preparation for war damage) and by Henry Ford II, who refused it because of its obsolescence. "I don't think what we're being offered is worth a dime," today Henry's successor is fighting for a piece of the Volkswagen market, and he is not alone. The car is not only built in the United States but also in Canada, and it is now being offered in the United States.

The Volvo first appeared in Canada in 1964, at Brampton and Sudbury — in 1962. Sales rose to 1965, 7,300, and then rose to the country. Last year, 35,000 Canadians bought Volkswagens (the second and third best-selling imports are from Japan and sold slightly fewer between them) — and there are now more than 100,000 in Canada.

The Volvo is a car, driven by everyone from John David Eaton, who drives one to work at his downtown Toronto office to Toronto City Police, who have begun to use them as patrol cars. The advertising slogan was "The fact that you can hardly tell one year's model from another partly explains the Volkswagen's success."

Another reason is that at the time the car arrived in Canada, there was a market for economy cars largely satisfied by any other European manufacturer.

But the British might have had a, but couldn't sell for domestic. And, with its success throughout, Volkswagen set up a parts and service operation before selling the car, a service the British couldn't match (for the time being) with three VW dealers, which there are 284 dealers and authorized service centres.) More recently the Japanese did the same and their principal import — the Toyota Corolla and the Datsun — are also threatening to replace the British manufacturers, who also dominated the import-car market.

The Volkswagen corporate vice insists that its modest quality and economy of the VW that make it so successful. Perhaps so, but there is still that reputation factor. You either like the bug or hate it — but there's no mistaking what it is. That, say psychologists, helps people resist the car as an emblem of that reputation factor, and that in turn generates future sales.

As Tom Stacey can testify. **Q** The Gremlin: A minicar so ugly, or so beautiful, you can't forget it

AMERICAN MOTOR'S ORIGIN, Detroit's first attempt to beat the bug, was born in June, 1968, 22,000 feet somewhere over Lake St. Clair on the back of one of those paper bag services provided to use you get stuck.

Donk Teague, styling vice-president, and Larry Myers, product vice-president, were returning to Detroit after making final plans for the production of the compact-sized Gremlin at the company's Wisconsin plant. They were contemplating the two small facts of automotive life: 1968 was going to be a 10-million-car year, but American Motors had barely 1% of the market while import sales had slipped steadily in three years to 11% when they had driven there 12%.

"I think," says Myers, "we're in a bad spot, that we could build a sub-compact car, but couldn't sell it for domestic. And, with its success throughout, Volkswagen set up a parts and service operation before selling the car, a service the British couldn't match (for the time being) with three VW dealers, which there are 284 dealers and authorized service centres.) More recently the Japanese did the same and their principal import — the Toyota Corolla and the Datsun — are also threatening to replace the British manufacturers, who also dominated the import-car market."

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Electrohome color TV

Perfect picture
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Owning a color TV is great. But tuning a color TV can be a problem.

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Total Touch Tuning means you select channels—even UHF channels—with a gentle touch on Electrohome's unique slide lever. No push. No twist. Just touch.

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Total Touch Tuning proves its worth in these unadorned photographs. Left: Picture without Electrolok and Electroset controls opening. Center: Good-looking Electrolok provides instant fine-tuning. Right: Another touch and Electroset looks exactly the color you prefer.

Electrohome Total Touch Tuning may very well revolutionize color TV. And it was engineered, developed and perfected right here in Canada.

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Choose it because it's the most exciting thing that's happened to color TV in years.

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It's part of the extra degree of excellence that's convincing more people to choose Electrohome. Electrohome Limited, Kitchener, Ontario.



Finest picture.

ELECTROHOME

have been in real trouble," says Detroit-based motorist Joseph Hawn, Middlesex. But the 1971 model year the Brampton plant will be making 900 Corvairs a week.

Tengon and Myers would like to say that they were prescient, that in the summer of 1968 they were able to predict the hardest economic seasons and a 1970 social climate in which economy is more marketable than opulence. In fact, the stylish-looking and muscular and amphetamine-research studies case after Tengon first drove the Corvair on a tack bag.

Marketing director Melville, a 31-year-old graduate of the Ford Motor Company's pioneering marketing-schools department, probes the psyche of imported-car owners. His conclusion: "It's interesting to hear them talk of their cars. They 'tap' in and out of traffic and rate parking places, they 'jazz' it to avoid they just involved in the car, that they are driving it instead of it driving them, which is what a lot of people think about big American cars. If a man enjoys his car he is more likely to stay with the same manufacturer, even when he moves up to a bigger car."

Which is important, because the Corvair isn't a big money-maker. No help or credit to compete with the Volkswagen can be. Two in three Corvairs in 1970 at \$21,744, against only a one-third profit as one of American Motors' bigger and more luxurious Ambassador, which was more than \$10,000.

But with more than a million imports sold in North America last year, and a market in which economy is still a hot sales item, the profit potential in baby cars is exciting to the industry in trouble. As they did in 1959-60 when their compact cars, American Motors got their first in wasn't until last month that Paul's firm appeared in showrooms. GM's Vega appears this month.

But can the Corvair beat the bug? "Well, it's ugly enough," says a Detroit auto-parts columnist. □



This man makes cars. If the '71s don't sell he's in big trouble — and so are you

HARRY PEARSON WORKS on Ford of Canada's assembly line in Guelph, Ontario. He helps build Minors. Because he does so, Detroit Hawn has a good job as a mechanic in suburban Edmonton. Joe Petrelli works in a Toronto car wash. Mike Nathan runs next year's delivery line at a metal works in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley. Jack MacLeod builds engines in suburban Montreal. Janet Clark checks the credit rating of loan applicants in Vancouver.

The job of one in four of Canada's 1,637,600 work force are directly, largely or at least partly dependent on the auto industry. Harry Pearson is just one of 32,590 men and women employed by car makers in Canada and paid a total of \$474,666,945 last year. But the one-in-four man makes that are only his job, but also the job of 2,169,000 other Canadians — from marine glazes through almost all conceivable industrial trades in steelworkers and rubber makers — depend on least

partly on how well the 1971 cars sell. Forty-one other jobs depend on some degree on every Harry Pearson in the auto industry.

It is true that what's good for General Motors is good for America. Washington and Ottawa are as interested in the 1971 models as any car buff. The statistics that measure the effect of auto sales on all our lives are awesome, the implications of a bad model year terrifying.

Since the introduction of the Canada-U.S. free-trade auto pact six years ago, the number of people working for firms directly supplying components to auto makers has risen to 139,000. More than 42,000 cars (and a handful of western) was put in production, earning \$141 million a year in profits (where cars are maintained and repaired, but gas isn't sold) another 3,555 people earn \$29 million. Canada's 5,373 new- and used-car dealers employ 79,600 people, pay them more than \$400 million annually and do business worth more than \$4.5 billion. Even the car-wash business employs 3,327 people earning \$34 million a year.

Of the 1,235,372 radios made in Canada last year, 1,050,101 were installed in cars. Fifteen percent of the Canadian steel industry's pro-

duction this year will be shipped to auto makers here or in Detroit. So will 13.1% of Canada's nickel production and 75% of the nation's rubber output.

There are leisure camps and banks and manufacturing of suits and belts and a petroleum industry — and incomes, Canada's second biggest U.S.-dollar earner. Don Wallace of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau calculates that there are 270,000 full-time employees in the Canadian tourist industry — and that another half million, mostly students doing summer jobs, also depend on it for part-time or seasonal work.

And then there are the roads. In Ontario alone, between 11,000 and 12,000 people work for the Department of Highways. The numbers employed by private contractors on road building and improvement is astronomical.

There is another intangible factor — the total effect on the economy of a poor year in the auto industry. If Paul's Harry Pearson loses his job, it doesn't mean that all the 41 Canadian workers he can be said to represent will automatically lose theirs. But a lot of them will. And the public can't buy as many groceries, can't afford to go to movies, can't go to the movies as often, or change their refrigerators or buy so many radios. All of us would suffer.

The automobile is more than transport, more than a status symbol, more than a destroyer of the balance of nature, more than a handy target for Ralph Nader and John Kenneth Galbraith. It is, for better or worse, the principal motive power of a consumer economy that is the main thing in popular motion yet denied by men.

Trouble is, the motion is slowing down this year. So if you're not buying a 1971 car, or at least crying out loudly, you may be casting your own threat. You may be one of the 41 Canadian workers symbolized by Harry Pearson, the quality inspector on Ford of Canada's production line. □

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



No.

That's it. Don't spoil her. Make sure she earns her Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunlight. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than there all.



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FAT CARS DIE YOUNG!

Some cars destroy themselves in the mere act of carrying themselves around.

Burdened with tons of chrome and huge expanses of sheet metal, it doesn't take long for a car to collapse under the strain.

So in building a car that will live a long time, you must begin by acknowledging one basic fact.

Fat on cars, as on people, can be fatal.

VOLVO.
THE FAT-FREE CAR.
About one-third of the car you're driving now is probably unnecessary.

So when we designed the Volvo, a lot of superfluous stuff was dropped.



Volvo trims off excess fat

A Volvo doesn't have five feet of trunk hanging out behind the rear wheels. Instead of a long low trunk, it has a short deep one. It holds more than a Lincoln.

Do you think your car has to be that wide? No. It's only that wide because a designer wanted it to look low. We make a Volvo



wide inside. By curving the sides of the body, including the windows.

A Volvo doesn't need an eight-foot hood because it doesn't need a gigantic gas-guzzling engine to push all the fat around.

So we use a smaller engine, chop off the hood and move the wheels out to the corners of the car for better handling.

Like on a racing car. That way we can also make the passenger compartment bigger. And end up with more front leg room than a Cadillac. More rear leg room than the biggest Buick made.

So you see, cars can be big and fat, yet small.

Volvos are small and trim, yet big.

VOLVO LIVES!
Unfettered by fat, Volvos live to ripe old ages. We don't guarantee exactly how long that will be. But we do know that 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

If you don't believe us, look around. You can't miss an eleven year old Volvo. It looks a lot like a 1948 Ford.

Only not as fat.



OUR VIEW

YOUR VIEW

- ☐ Make Dr. Strangelove share his secrets!
- ☐ The lonely passion of a pop-bottle activist
- ☐ Who needs the jumbo jet in Sussex, N.B.?
- ☐ The charge of Calvary United



BY DAVID SUZUKI

The Brave New World belongs to us—not science

ONE REASON FOR the anguish and turmoil of the present world is that many of our priorities are all wrong. Dogs and cats in North America are fed more calories each day than the average person in India. We honor men who have achieved fantastic wealth by exploiting people and natural resources. Yet we fail to guarantee all people freedom from starvation. We fail to banish hunger in the name of the law so that no one deprive material goods.

Of course, I'm oversimplifying the situation. But in the minds of many, particularly university students who haven't yet established vested interests in the real world or experienced the complexities of modern society, the moral debt looks that simple. The continued exploration of people and destruction of our limited resources

are symptoms of a sickness — a sickness so severe that for some the only apparent solution is the total destruction of society in order to build a new world. The tragedy is that we keep at hand the tools to create that new world, to top a an undreamed-of potential for universal peace and happiness, if only we could decide on the proper priorities.

My thesis is that the sickness in our society arises primarily from the establishment of class groups of specialists who either assume or are granted complete control of certain social functions. I'm not denying that we need such specialists — rather it is their relative immunity from suspicion or criticism by the rest of society that causes difficulties. Members of the elite class become preoccupied with the protection and extension of the vested interests of the group, generally for themselves, benefits offered at the expense of the best interests of society as a whole. They never ask the two questions of paramount importance: "If we do this will it hurt other people? If we do this now, what will be the consequences five or 10 years from now?"

I include in the category of elite groups any combination of specialists capable of acting together for selfish interests based on immediate benefits in money and power. In other words, I'm talking about planners, police, mechanists and labor unions as well as businessmen, lawyers, professors and doctors. But I can best illustrate my theme by dealing with scientists, the elite group to which I belong and which by its nature is most immune from free criticism. The application of all scientific knowledge is doubtless, full of promise to create a better life yet ominous with potentialities for ever more frightening weapons and dangers. Consider, for instance, some recent developments in the field of molecular genetics, the most exciting area of science in the last 10 years.

Now that the actual biological language has been decoded and we understand how a gene is made and what it spells, it is possible to make genes

in test tubes. In fact, the first fully synthetic gene was completed last May. This holds the long-term promise of cures for many forms of inherited mental disease, diabetes, rheumatism and much more. Yet it may also provide the ultimate weapon for total biological control. The injection of a small number of genes could completely cripple one's mind or body.

Now know that when an egg is fertilized by a sperm, it carries a blueprint that specifies how to make a complete individual. This blueprint is reproduced in each of the body's three trillion cells. The reason some cells turn into skin instead of nerve tissue, muscle instead of bone is not because they get a different set of instructions. The difference is in which chapter of the instruction book they read. Since all cells have the complete set of instructions, it should be possible to teach them to read different chapters. Then we could add all a limb and grow a new one or make a new heart from a single cell. Instead, this is already being done in a variety of plants and animals. But if this science we could produce many thousands of identical twins of certain select types. While we could generate an unlimited array of Schweinarts or Shakespeares, there would more likely be an increasing status of Richard Nixons or Spino Agnewes. Does the world need more Nixons and Agnewes?

Today it is possible to control the growth of many bacteria and viruses by antibiotics or radiation. But it is also possible with these tools to make parasites that will release we can eliminate micro-organisms or make them do better jobs for us — degrading dangerous pollutants or converting oil into food. But we can also make powerful strains of bacteria or viruses that are deadly and indestructible. Already, the gene is Clostridium botulinum, which makes botulin toxin, one of the deadliest toxins known to man, has been transferred to Escherichia coli bacteria. Found in the intestines of all human beings.

It is possible to determine the genetic basis for racial differences in intelligence and behavior. Such studies

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can be of immense benefit by allowing teachers to take racial differences into account in preparing proper school programs. But it is also obvious how racism and bigotry could do much harm by twining such information — unless, of course, minority groups were freed to have higher IQs.

These simple examples illustrate both the dangers and hopes of further research in one small area of science. So, as long as scientists cloak their knowledge in scientific jargon and fail to communicate the implications of their work to the public, the ultimate use of this information will not be predicated on the best interests of society. As we to avoid dilemmas by asking a halt to the work? This would close off a promising area for method areas. Moreover, it would deny an activity that makes men human and temper — his search for truth. How can we ensure that the avalanche of scientific information and technological innovation does not destroy as it advances we place on human life?

In a recent issue of *Science* (Nov. 1989), John Platt proposed a massive prohibition of speculation from using disciplines. This panel would consider a wide range of problems by excluding existing information and projecting their long-term consequences.

I suggest Canada could take a bold and rewarding step in this direction by establishing a semi-scholarship institute along such lines. It would consist of an organized group drawn from the social and natural sciences and the humanities. The Institute would collect information, make projections and deliver specific recommendations for future courses of action. It is free like to undergo in the history of humanity — as many people still do — that "not enough is known" or "we need more research." We want it now — and by doing so Canada could ultimately produce a set of global priorities recognized by all nations.

These days, misconceptions are seriously considered only when they carry political weight. In order to ensure support for the Institute's recommendations, I propose that public television be used as a forum for far-reaching discussion to meet the immediate impact of science and technology on society. Do we have the courage to face past problems and current ones? We can't afford not to. □

Dr. David Bantist is a faculty professor teaching at the University of British Columbia. He will host Jan. 1 CBC TV show about January called *Science On Screen*.



Look what a pop bottle did to my son!

Among all the problems we have today — unemployment, inflation, heating oil and water pollution — the problem of the nonrecusable pop bottle is pretty small. But so should be its solution — a simple bit of legislation and a ban on non-recusable bottles. But is it? What really came about the so-called one-way pop bottle? I never did, at least not until the day my six-year-old son cut his foot on one. It wasn't a bad cut, but it required three stitches and put Christopher on crutches for seven days. At the hospital, I found out that he was just one of 800 Toronto children who'd been treated for similar cuts that year. It was told by a hospital official that most of the cuts were from broken pop bottles. There had been a 275% increase in broken-glass injuries in the eight years nonrecusable bottles have been on the market. One four-year-old girl cut the nerves and tendons in her wrist and hand. The operation was serious and costly, lasting three and a half hours.

I was horrified and angry — for the first time in my life, angry enough

to care, as you do to do something. So I wrote to the *Forces of Ontario*. I wasn't sure that he'd see the letter. Two more copies of the letter went to the Health Minister and Tourism Minister and three to the only newspapers (one of which published the story). Photographs of Christopher were included.

It was a one-way bottle on the one-way bottle. I haven't received any replies from the people who can actually do something in government — only from the other people, like me, who live between nursery schools, new supermarkets and school yards and who care about the children who play in these areas.

The Ontario government, in fact, doesn't seem interested at all in this type of safety. As I remember it, when nonrecusable bottles were first proposed, there were objections by various groups. The litter and injury rates had increased sharply in the United States where they were already on the market. But these objections were ignored.

Some glass companies are now opening sources (summer months only) for the nonrecusable bottle. They pay half a cent a bottle. A child would have to cut back 20 bottles in the order to pay for an ice-cream cone. (I thought prices were going up. There was a time when a bottle brought two cents.) Other pop companies are spending thousands of dollars on advertising, telling people not to leave their bottles at picnic sites and playgrounds. But the companies' concern is litter, pollution, not safety. Why don't they spend that money on making plastic or synthetic bottles? Have you ever seen anyone throw away a plastic milk jug? Of course not. They're worth 40 cents. Why not introduce and increase the price of the disposable bottle? It will make our country cleaner and safer.

Maybe I was lucky when I was six years old. In Australia, during the last war, all bottles were worth money, and if we didn't bust the fields and silver for them the salvage men would come in the house weekly to collect them. I can't recall ever having cut my first on a child.

— BEN RABIN, TORONTO

Ben Rabin, 32, a *CBC* production assistant, finished writing a reply from the *Forces of Ontario* a week after his son's injury. He said that bottles were common objects and that it's people's fault for not being careful. Rabin admits his fight is only temporary. "I'll not achieve my goal — just a simple order to make it for the bottle!" □

continued on page 19

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SUN LIFE OF CANADA



Caribbean: a black powder keg
As an ex-Toronto citizen, I found July's Canada Report (6 Canada: By Stanislav Churilov) full of great interest. At the time of the "bombs," my family gave me no indication as to how serious the situation was and I was a naïf to get some fictional information. Mr. Macdonald is so what actually happened and what's happening now at this time. My mother did, as I said, say that everything was "just before a storm" — just as the Canadian banker says that Trinidad "looks pretty much like a powder keg" — ready to erupt again without forwarding.

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As a citizen of Guyana, and living in Canada, I read your Canada Report

with interest. The report seems to imply that the request of the Guyana Government for 75% of Alcan's Bauxite Revenue Company (Bauxco) is wrong and anti-Canadian. May I remind you that Canada is as strongly against U.S. economic domination, as they demand a greater control of the commanding heights of its economy. Have you forgotten J. J. Gurney's speech in Ottawa? To those of us connected to the political life of our country in the Caribbean, recent anti-Canadian events were not surprising, the cause of it all lay right here in Canada. In the 1950s a colored emigrant to Canada was referred. When he arrived, he was promptly deported after an extraordinary court trial. Enlightened leadership in Guyana soon modified the Immigration Act. The colored immigrant

now has to meet certain conditions. He must have a trade or skill that is in demand, be able to speak English and have a certain amount of money. But when he arrives in Canada he finds a society that is not prepared at all to accept him. He is denied employment and because of his color. Send out your Mark reporter, C. Alexander Brown, to give us an application for employment and also read his report. The colored immigrant then gets the biggest shock. While he has to satisfy certain requirements, penalized immigrants from Europe are brought to Canada at the Canadian government's expense, taught English and provided with a job. Canada has no immigrants in Eastern Europe, but draws heavily on returns from those in the Caribbean and Guyana. Jamaica's and Guyana's battle with the aluminum industries here poses. From whom can the colored immigrant seek refuge? The Human Rights Commission of Ontario? Most coloreds in Canada will tell you that it is false. The Commission acts only when there is likely to be a national scandal. The immigrant when home to family, relatives and friends. His latter criticism. It reaches members of parliament and cabinet ministers. The result: anti-Canadianism, on a national and regional scale. VESPER MALKINOVICH, TORONTO

is The real reason for interest is the depletion of Trinidad's oil reserves, which resulted in the laying-off of personnel plus a reduction in government spending. As for Guyana, the government probably bowed to public pressure and cutbacks for automobiles. My own guess goes to those Canadians who helped build airports, schools and who aided in numerous other projects in Guyana. I hope the work they have done and are doing continues to be a credit to them. JAMES SCHNEIDER, MONTRÉAL

Case solved

Congratulations to writer Alan Edwards for *The Case of The F.S. Typhoid* (May). I had read the booklets in our local newspaper, but never knew why it happened and how it was corrected. WED EMMA DUBOIS, MONTRÉAL

A child's right to live

Three clowns for Mrs. Sumner's (Thursday) — For Chris De Tremble. May who still believes in child and common decency. I guess she is too busy to drink anymore, do the clubs and write more letters to the press. WENDY J. SPENCER, MONTREAL

is. Does not one care about the rights of the child in love? Since when does age, sex, or place of residence have anything to do with love? If you have better answers, you are a better person whether your conception took place 10 minutes or 10 years ago. If we are concerned with preventing population explosion, why did we abandon capital punishment?

Would it not be better to kill all those who have severely wounded society than those who haven't had a chance to prove themselves? As for the poor, dear girl who are understanding that first by going to a luncheon abortion — they deserve pity, perhaps they are seeking to prove the most consistent of all crimes — the murder of their own children. KENNETH HARRIS, MONTREAL

Loosing whose mind?

Do You Think You're Losing Your Mind? (June) has served as a wake-up call for the House Economics Committee. My grade 10, 11 and 12 classes were able to pick out five basic errors in the whole Mental disturbances are a symptom of advanced capitalism not wheezing. Picking points are far more likely to be caused by vitamin C deficiency for Guyanese the reduction of cholesterol being foods as one cause of "neuronal" deficiency. This is vitamin is not fat soluble, but water soluble. Dairy products supply almost none directly. Omega-3 fatty acids, and enriched bread and cereals are the only good sources. In addition, much may be manufactured in the body from the essential fatty acids protein foods. Since insulin is not stored in the body, this should not have a serious effect. Since all EGF and insulin, and many cereals at Canada are enriched, and since most people in Canada have good-quality protein in their diets, it seems unlikely that Canadians are deficient in vitamin. WENDY HARRIS, MONTREAL

Model columnist Maurice Chantrel replies: "We must be a normal state content with their enough reason. But the over-representation involves enough people on the contrary but also to suggest there are hundreds of Canadians who are depriving themselves of the right kind of food."

is. In Maurice Chantrel's column of my work on *St. Charles* Polymers. There were some disconcerting and concerning. Children who have symptoms do not wonder if they are losing their mind — it is a perfectly normal experience as far as they are concerned. The parents have (disappointed) — not hallucinations. (continued on page 22)

Correction

In an introductory story to the *Maclean's* Goldfish Report in our August issue it was stated that the puffin roars of "war" would be within five or more 2% for most figures. This statement resulted from a misunderstanding by Miss McNeill and the Goldfish organization and was not made by Mr. Goldfish. The statement should have said: For total support the rate of error would be within five or more 1% for most figures. Mr. Goldfish is speaking in the Goldfish organization for this understanding.

ASLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: And now for the miced-dam filter



**Keep an eye open
for Heineken.
It tastes tremendous!**



BY DON CAMERON

Flight 747 arriving from Paris—all out for Sussex, New Brunswick!

WE CRACKED back over Ottawa and burned the control tower. The stewards had told us to keep our seat belts fastened because the captain was expecting some turbulence. In fact, "turbulence" wasn't a major problem in the landing gear.

En route to Montreal the captain condescended to tell the truth. We missed the Dorset tower and landed. I waited for a connection, then flew for an hour down toward home in Fredericton. Number one engine quit. We went back to Montreal for repairs, and finally arrived home four hours late.

All told I had spent 16 hours flying home from Ottawa. It would have been faster and more pleasant to drive.

A few days later I went to lecture at Acadia University in Wolfville, Nova Scotia. I flew. We were an hour late getting down because of fog. They considered taking us into Sydney, which is farther from Wolfville than Fredericton is. The trip took four and a half hours, door to door. I could have driven it in six. And if only week after all, to feel busy and important, and to convince others I was busy and

important. If you make it easy for people to travel, they travel—whether it makes sense or not.

Which brings us to the jumbo jet-порт Don Cameron has landed at—the one we are likely to see within the near future in Sussex, New Brunswick, a quiet charming town of 3,000, which has the misfortune to be roughly equidistant between Montreal, Saint John and Fredericton, none of which is large enough to justify a jetport.

All out! Here in Sussex, New Brunswick! One jumbo will double the population.

In a tiny little Viscount I can fly from Fredericton to Montreal in an hour and a half. With the new airport I'll be able to drive for an hour and a half and then fly to Montreal by jumbo in only an hour—if we aren't diverted to Winnipeg or Gander. This is called progress!

(continued on page 27)

Don Cameron is a professor of English at the University of New Brunswick. He is also a contributing editor to The Mysterious East, an Atlantic monthly magazine.

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even down to popping the corn.

Judy's busiest today. So a lot went into this party. Yet through a busy day only a few things are missing. Because Judy's mother has advanced help—from electricity.

At this house, meal making is a joy, whatever it means: opening a can or blending ingredients for a birthday cake. The laundry is laid out of a modern machine. There are electrical fireplaces to keep carpets clean and floors sparkling. And electricity keeps the house cozy warm throughout winter. In the kitchen, a gas stove in summer. This is the kind of convenience and ease that you could be enjoying with the help of electricity. Every day of the year.

But electricity can serve you to the fullest extent only if your home is wired to take care of today's electrical requirements. If you live in an older home, a lack of electrical outlets, unsightly extension cords and blown fuses are signs that your wiring is not adequate to let you enjoy all the advantages of modern electrical living.

You can re-wire your home with little disturbance and at less cost than you may imagine. The Hydro Electric Plan will make a rewire easier to manage. Call a qualified electrical contractor today and ask about re-wiring. When he's through doing his thing you'll probably want to celebrate with your own independence party.



Up-to-date wiring makes so much more possible.

OUR VIEW YOUR VIEW

The report would wipe out five or 10 farms from this hungry world. It would disenfranchise people and pollute the air. And where would the jumbo fly to? York, yeah — Paris, Rome, Buenos Aires, Lagos. From Savannah, Wash. D.C., Sydney, Yonkers. What, 500 at a time? Bigger.

"The report is needed," pontificates the Saint John Telegram-Journal speaking. (It is sure) for the ship-laden New Brunswick establishment, "and the full weight and voice of the government of New Brunswick are needed in the effort to get it." They don't say who needs it, or why. They just insist that New Brunswick must have a jumbo jetport. Otherwise we'd become "an empty backwater." So? With only six or seven hundred thousand people scattered all over the province, we should be an aviation backwater. If you want to live like a New Yorker, move to New York.

Next it'll be the superlative steam-punk, carrying even more people, splintering us all with some bones to the off-shore oil company back and forth from New York to London (in from Paris to Boston, I suppose) looking busy and important.

Airplanes are undependable, noisy and inconvenient a stupid way to travel. The bigger they get, the more they're going to be. They'll be the strangeness with fumes. It's really worth spending years of research and millions of dollars in order to be able to go from Montreal to London in four hours rather than eight — especially when it takes far over to get from the airport into the city?

Things don't just get bigger and faster satisfactorily. When it comes to jumbo jets in St. John, it's time to call a halt. In the Maritime, main-line trains run to Montreal from Halifax and Saint John, but local lines are disappearing. By bus, the 100 miles from Fredericton to Halifax involve an overnight stop in Amherst. Our range of choice is shrinking: we are being forced into cars and planes. The poor can only hitchhike.

Outside Montreal and Toronto, Canadians need good, frequent trains and roads, more frequent planes. They aren't as glibly as actual road users, but they'll get you around the Province or the Maritimes far more conveniently — if, indeed, you need to go, which is a question we should ask ourselves more often. If we're then keen to spend our taxes, let's forget about impressing the public with jumbo reports and spend it on trains and better roads instead. □

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Meindert Wieringa, Calgary and Vancouver, get right into their local schools, talk to their clerics and help improve some lessons, or take kids on field trips.

And, of course, the public classes can also afford to get cash where their beliefs are at issue out of the non-traditional public-education system altogether, making their children to private schools that provide either "liberal" or "traditional" education. More than 35,000 elementary students attend private schools.

One so-called "free school," totally different to structured learning and free even of the academic implicit in progressive computer-supported school systems, have sprung up across Canada, mostly in the west and Toronto. Not only is the school open for the day by Doris Dyck, director of the Department of Educational Foundations in the Saskatchewan College of Education. Her "free school" will have 100 pupils over five for fees of approximately \$60 a month. "It's to provide parents with another choice, and freedom of expression," she says. "A better kind of confidence in the child if he sets himself goals and reaches them than comes out of accomplishing standards set by others."

Family learning are the traditional private schools, now mostly in respect. For these, parents pay from around \$50 a year to schools run by some religious sects or \$10,000 a year to secular ones. In some schools, such as Toronto's Upper Canada College. These free-pressing parents believe their principles just don't see much, and say they should be given full relief for educating their children privately.

DENNIS: The argument, the effort, the expenditure, we all wasted if education is to be only preparation for a world of work, for employers that have not even been invented yet. The development of a mature, self-disciplined, responsive man with a critical mind and a compassionate heart would be a better preparation for the future than a generation of conditioned responses who have the choice of making this the age of wonder, or a further age of scientific endeavor — and if we do this latter, we will go down to defeat.

CHILDREN WHO START schools, and those who may be working to 2010. A.D. That is an enormous feat for any parent to have more of our own not ourselves just adjusted to the revolution in technology and values already open to the remarkable permeation of technology on children. The computer appears to have been rendered our West coast work ethics. And it is not only the computer, but the principle of work for pay are under increasing attack from the young and the questioning. At such a time, and in such conditions, what should education be for?

One answer — that of the educational right wing — is that you must reinstitute education with technology and modern methods to keep pace. Or, to put knowledge into the child's head later — by capturing traditional foundations with such as arithmetic and spelling and instilling the discipline of hard work.

The opposition left wing argues that it is now futile to educate the young specifically for a world that we can't even imagine. We are only teaching children how to think to discover, to recognize and cope with new problems as they come up. These children need to be creative, resourceful, curious and flexible. The child whose head is crammed with facts but who is turned off from learning as a child is a lost child.

The most vehement critic of the second wave is Professor James Dyer, a historian at McMaster University. He calls it "purple prose" and "dumbing down," and argues that students are unable to choose their own studies

independently or to stick to hard work without "item directions." Only says the Holt-Rinehart style of education would be "an assault on civilization as we know it," and adds: "The worst that people will learn because they are taught to fly is the face of common knowledge, in every house adult will learn when he reads his youth." Elementary education? "The schools that produce doctors, poets, artists, sophists, heads were not very democratic." The Emperor's Schoolhouse and the House of Desires and Makers, the Holy of Gables and Vortex — were they both of progressive education?

Leftist, a supervisor with the Edmonton Public School Board, says that "foundational skills, knowledge and values are not going out of date in the next generation" — even Einstein had to learn arithmetic, then algebra, then calculus.

"Progressive" education also teach these basic skills — but at the student's own good time, rarely by rote or memorization-table methods. At the University of Toronto, for example, in Education, Dr. Wilfred Wells works with teachers in developing goals. He rates basic skills less important than the child's own thinking ability, the other children from whom to learn, the teacher and the real world around him.

The two arguments are trapped in a either/or contradiction. Yet the people of Greater Victoria found a third way. For eight months a group of teachers, principals, teachers, parents, students and dropouts staged informal meetings to discuss where education should go in the next 10 years. They consciously rejected both the traditional and progressive views and validity for those who held them. They said the public system should, therefore, provide schools with both approaches. Parents should have a choice where their neighborhood.

Victorians also accepted a TV program with which, along with the curriculum, the schools, libraries, businesses, workplaces and industries should supplement the teacher in special fields, they said.

Greater Victoria's "Project Learning" assumes that reality has already contributed to important ideas in the public education field, parents should be able to choose.

DENNIS: As buildings go, Canadian schools stand tall. From New Brunswick to Vancouver Island. However, we have not been left to the whims of the design of their programs and the education of the teachers. But the time has come when we never thought our children have to use it. We have the computer and television, but we are not learning how to cope and live with the society computers and TV will create.

A KITCHENETTE was built in London, Ontario, two years ago without any walls or doors. Teachers properly drove chalk lines along the carpeted floor, marking out their "territories." Their action showed they had not abandoned the purpose of the school without walls.

Since the London opening, there has been a change in ideas about headspace (though the number of Canadians who are students only 6% of the population population). Now, such exposure was not without and factors helped. Of Canada's elementary and secondary education bill from three billion dollars in 1987 to an estimated five billion dollars in 1990. At such a cost, are such new methods justified? Teachers, for whom they must make work, don't always find they are.

British Columbia's lower mainland, for instance, has more open-area schools with carpets, tables and "resource areas" than any other part of the country. Anne Prosser University recently surveyed all such schools in Burnaby

Surry, North Vancouver, Port Coquitlam and Port Moody. Three quarters of the teachers had given standardized reading tests, but of those who had, 73% said their pupils did better than the average child in "regular" schools. Two thirds of the teachers had given math tests and 65% of those said their pupils did better than other pupils. More than 70% found their pupils better motivated to use libraries. More than 80% thought discipline had improved among former problem children.

Yet for all this apparent success, half the teachers wanted to return to their traditional schools with their sons of desks. In the open schools, they found themselves badly overworked with more pupils than they could handle. Only half thought they used equipment such as audio-visual aids more than they would in a traditional classroom.

And, as wherever the time of school, so pay has fallen. 20% of all teachers in Canada go on education — far fewer years child doesn't always get.

Most schools continue to rise?

Yes, even though in 1972 the number of elementary students was beginning to decline for the first time in decades. The Annual Post recently estimated that by 1993 it will cost \$20.74 to keep a child in school for one week.

Teachers' salaries, which someone told at one point of a community's education dollar, will keep rising. Most educationists think we should spend more on buildings, libraries and teacher-training.

William Norris, Winnipeg, states, would have \$100 million to \$200 million tax "by another percent or two" to pay for teacher schooling. Some Winnipeg members of the Saskatchewan Association of Rural Municipalities would remove school from from property assessment and tax them to have income — because one family earning \$5,000 a year and another earning \$15,000 say now pay the same property tax on under property. W. H. Giles, president of the Toronto French School, says middle-class parents with children in private schools get the greatest tax relief. "It is a gift in the public system but the wrong government policy."

Yet good school programs don't necessarily demand expensive equipment. Some schools in southwestern Ontario are using gravel pits, city streets and stairways with materials and materials to learn the impact of a new highway on a community. It's part of a practical study by a science teacher, also devised by Professor Paul Park of the University of Western Ontario. Park looks for low "sources" in a local junk pile — such, old bits of automobiles, anything that will spark an curiosity among young minds to examine the world about it.

DENNIS: The teacher obviously is the vital agent in determining our complex and changing times. Yet also is poorly equipped: low on the educational ladder, paid, bound by restrictions, confined by courses and her own superficial education. Her greatest assets are the powers of empathy, excitement, understanding and a devoted commitment to her profession. We are not likely to enhance these possibilities until we spend more on upgrading the teacher than the hardware.

THE TEACHER is the person through which all education passes, and the new technology will work if the teacher's group who it is to talk to the children, but to help them unobtrusively discover things for themselves. They won't work if the child's learned to attach grades, marks and specific subjects for the more imaginative business of using a real to bring knowledge of reality, building, ideas and how we learn, what we feel and how it's. Teachers are still not being taught how to do that.

Some educationists confirm that most Canadian teachers

are trained to teach subjects, to maintain discipline, to their down class of 30 and more. "Their training is unsteady," says Bob Weir. At the OISE, Dr. Weir proposes a sort of survival course instead. "Put the teacher-student into a roughhouse, let him learn, have her find her own youngsters and help them learn using inquiry procedures." Dr. Charles Gregory of Victoria, a child psychiatrist, adds, "Facilities of education must subject matter, and some techniques, but never anything about children."

Yet at Queen's University in Kingston, 200 student teachers of McArthur College receive courses in "teaching by listening." Two students act, teaching, on the floor, to learn what they are about each other. They touch hands, look eyes. Developing awareness of others is the key, says Bob Peck, the professor in charge. "Awareness" is a roughhouse, a kind of roughhouse, is the memory of a good teacher." At his 100-acre farm outside Kingston, Peck has a vast field filled with ladders, rope bridges, a small advent in a giant U-shaped climbing on, over and in them, students learn to handle stress within themselves, and to handle misadventure with others in well.

Most established elementary schoolteachers, like Peck, are in training, and do their best with new methods. They do it without most of the facilities, psychologists, remedial teachers and other help that secondary schools get. Ontario pays \$450 toward the education of each elementary pupil and \$1,000 toward each secondary pupil. Teachers will handle classes of 30. "It's a roughhouse, it's a roughhouse that on, unobstructed learning," says V. M. Short, principal of Nova Scotia Teachers' College.

DENNIS: Learning is continuous and basically an individual process, highly personal and highly "ours." Yet public education processes children at prime ages, in blocks of time and content, leaving little or no opportunity of knowledge and light on the maturity of self. Parents this fall should ask: Will my child's special weaknesses and strengths be the foundations of his learning? Is his learning an individual vehicle for his development? Is continuing growth and learning "cherished"? Does his curriculum reflect Canadian cultural imperatives? Can he enter school — and leave it — when he is ready?

THEY MAY HAVE ADMITTED the seven-year-old daughter, Jacqueline, wishes TV programs about Cambodia, Japan and space and at her home in Lloydminster, Alberta.

"Then she comes home from school with a picture of a reference that's about the morning edition," says Mrs. Armstrong. "She doesn't read it, she just looks at it, and then — just to make a study of it one. She's been there. The schools don't realize how far behind children they are."

ITEM: A public school in North York, Metropolitan Toronto, has a well-stocked library tucked away on the third floor. The rule is "Quiet Please." When a child found one volume, no children were allowed to take books home for several weeks. Believing the school was far too restrictive, Molly and Bob Ferguson moved from that neighborhood to a financial loss. Robbie Ferguson, 9, and Luis, 6, are now in a school of the open kind, with a leg room and the new technology. They have paper and materials at their feet. Children are encouraged to use it as part of their environment. The transcripts and the children are transformed. Mrs. Ferguson says:

"Control, rules — for the convenience of administration, that's our greatest single problem," says Dr. Weir of the OISE. "The teacher is the person who is the most of the OISE. School principal who works with a strap in his pocket, at his end in the presence of an observer from the Co-

what Teachers' Federation because a boy was killed. The Federation's report about this year's school said discipline was good. But the current level of students was low.

Rossdale School in Montreal is a 40-year-old building that had its inner walls torn down to create open areas. More than 180 pupils, who correspond to grades one, two and three, are in one very large open area. It is linked via a central information centre to a well-defined group where ages correspond to grades four to six. Children are organized in subject groups, doing all manner of things. The 12 teachers just hover around, providing guidance and direction, but not rules. Principal Eric Neumann surveys the apparent upsurge and says amiably: "Kids can teach themselves, you know. They also learn from each other."

Lloyd Dennis hired a talented local artist to teach in Louis-Guillaume school. He says she was superb. A nearby county wanted to hire her, too — to teach as an art teacher. Provincial education officials persuaded Dennis to employ her for a year, then, because she was "too qualified" — she had never passed grade 12 — he had to let her go. "It was a little sad," Dennis complains. "He wouldn't have a certificate."

DEHNIS: After everything has been said, the desire of education depends upon you and me. We have no right to protest unless we cannot use our personal energies to building something better — and we should begin at home. The child's parents are still his most effective teachers and his community his most important school. When your child goes back to school this month, go back with him — and don't expect to find it as it was years ago. Find out how and why it is different, from your child and the teachers and the principal. Join a parents' group. Offer to lead a hand. Show your vital and vested interest in your child, his school and his society.

"THERE IS MUCH LESS AND ABOUT THE TOTAL AUTHORITY of the school now," says Mrs. Marilyn Marshall, first of the 125 parents to start peering in at Ripplene Road school in North York when they found teachers were overworked. "We won't give our children over totally from now on to them," she says.

It is becoming almost commonplace for mothers and some fathers to oversee lessons in schools, escort field trips, work at the library, help with the typing, correct spelling tests. With other parents Mrs. Marshall does it twice a week at Admiral Worrell school in Danforth, North York. Mrs. Dorothy Lawrence, vice-principal there, says, "It makes the relationship between them and us much much better."

In Toronto's Kensington Market area, mostly Portuguese and Chinese, Doug Baller and Bonnie Brown have been hired as principal and vice-principal of a school that isn't built yet. They have the next year to knock on doors, recruit representative parents and learn how they can develop a community school. School inspector Bill Quinn encourages a schoolyard with benches, trees, flowers, "a sort of piazza."

Pleasanton Road school in Lawrence Heights public housing development at North York borders with community activity all day. Evenings there are gym and ballet, chess and crafts, storytelling and science clubs. Mothers wander in and out of daytime classes at will. One mother explains: "The school is just like part of home. Sometimes I walk over to the Yorkville Vocational School and get my first dose. You get all perturbed up and you're done something concerning with your morning. When you know what's going on in the school and you know the teacher is a human being, you don't have to worry." □



ALTERNATIVE NO. 1: 'THE FINEST CURRICULUM'- PLUS FRENCH FROM AGE THREE

BY JON RUDDY

TOM LANGAN is a professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto and, perhaps, your average middle-class father wondering why Johnny can't read. But at the Franciscan school, Professor Langan shares the dilemma of every middle-class parent dissatisfied with the public-school system. Besides school taxes, he pays \$2,300 a year to send three of his five children to what he's convinced is a better alternative, the Toronto French School. As a result, says Mrs. Jeanette Langan, "We're on a budget and chicken diet."

"To the obvious question — why make such a sacrifice? — Langan answers that the French School "may have the finest curriculum of any school anywhere. Because it's international," he notes, "it gets the best teachers and books from all over the world. I'm sure it has the best library of material available of any private school in the world. The school to date has graduated more than 3,000 youngsters."

Langan is typical of French School parents in that he's involved in the school's operation and promotion — and as all that suggests is that he has a PhD (only 30% of 1978 fathers are academics). What attracts them is not the status value of a private school or even the idea of bilingualism, but a profound respect for academic excellence. Here French is taught not as an end in itself, but as a way to incorporate, for example, Belgium's superb Papy mathematics system in the curriculum.

"Our son is an odd one and almost impossible to educate," says Harry Galus, a Toronto lawyer whose daughters, a bilingual wife Anna and two other housewives, one French and one English-speaking, founded an embryo nursery school in Galus' basement in 1960. "We are trying to build the strongest features of North American and European education, including a stronger language program than either." Galus, who has given up most of his legal practice in order to administer the nonprofit, 1978 corporation, considers it the only genuinely "Canadian school" and "a pilot project for public education in Canada. The trouble is, the province of Ontario, which loses no opportunity to insult about the school's

language program as promotional material for foreign consumption has never given it a dime. The despite the fact that public as well as private schools in seven provinces have asked the TFS for help in setting up programs and programs, and that similar schools are established or planned in Dorchester, London, Saskatoon and Calgary.

From the start a French School goal has been a special relationship with public education that would, among other things, reduce or eliminate the crowding barrier but not make a bilingual education available to many more children. A current disadvantage is for bilingualism the sub-national classes. "I don't know if I'd want my kids in this upper-middle-class milieu," says TFS teacher Andrew Collins. "The situation of conflict is rampant."

Collins, herself and children included in the number of progressive school teachers everywhere, was conducting a grade-four English class one June morning in the basement of a synagogue off Bedford Street. A chronic shortage of classrooms is a result of the French School's rapid growth and steady growth. Adding a grade each year, the TFS has reached eight and a total enrollment of about 800, making it Canada's largest private primary school. At one point classes were taught in the dressing rooms of a hockey rink. But parents have raised almost half of the \$150,000 it will cost to build a new school in north-central Toronto to open in January.

Neille Neille, English class that morning was an experiment in its progress. It pointed up in a tiny way, the advantage of being young and bilingual. Neille was sitting at the front of the class, a Method program, having out a girl ("That's being slow") while imaginary kids had come down in an imaginary tree. The teacher commented that the stretch lacked vitality and went on to ask what that meant. One could almost hear 30 young minds shifting like "I've got it." "That's being slow." "I've got it." "I've got it." Later classes in French and Russian — selected according to Galus because of the focus on interest in science and because, being a different class, "It gives them the impression that anything is comprehensible — even adults are comprehensible to an observer because

Neille Langan at the Toronto French School. Progressives claim it's the "only private Canadian school," a pilot for the public system.



Touch Me, Feel Me, Love Me: Are the cultists playing with dynamite?

It may be providing "self fulfillment," or the booming T-group fad may be damaging healthy personalities. Here staff writer ALAN EDMONDS reports on factors that worry psychiatrists. On the next pages, graduates of touch-and-feel tell what it did for them

Two women's boost in the touch-and-feel movement is resulting in rapid program growth across Canada and worrying doctors, psychologists and even some of the reputable group leaders.

Thousands of middle-class Canadians are busily "ventilating" themselves through experiments in touching, feeling and self-expression in workshops between 400 and 1,000 T-groups. Toronto is the capital of what one Vancouver psychiatrist calls "honestly, unselfish, genuine feel." The city has around 120 such groups, many run by people with little training or experience.

Few of these "trainers" are psychologists or psychotherapists, but the good ones have all taken courses in group leadership. Most dangerous are "trainers" who participate in a few sessions, then set up shop on their own.

Reputable groups, usually run through universities, adult education groups, churches or the YMCA, can cost up to \$160 for a week or between \$25 and \$80 for a weekend. They are usually held in homes, hotels or lodges in rural settings. Evening group sessions are staged anywhere. They cost up to \$15 a time.

The movement is uncontrolled, perhaps uncontrollable. There is no measure of its effects, no way to prevent anyone setting up as a trainer whether or not he is qualified to decide if participants are mentally stable enough to handle what is often a traumatic experience.

For a senior University of Toronto psychiatrist, says, "Sensitivity training may be evidence of a danger for a quality of human relations that doesn't exist in our society. But it's like playing with fused dynamite unless the group leader has skill, sensitivity and competence."

It's not that T-groups can make people clinically sick, the most damning conclusion of American Medical Association investigations was that a T-group might precipitate a psychiatric disorder already developing. Sensitivity training can damage or destroy the trainee's lifestyle without supplying a satisfactory substitute.

These intensive personal encounter groups of 10 to 15 people involve brutal, frank confrontation with yourself and others as you — or think they do. They strip away the inhibitions and your own self-censor as well.

In theory, with the psyche thus bared, you learn more about the real you and others. The fact is often different. A secretary in an Ontario government department was "seen" by fellow T-groupers as an ugly, spoiled monster — and a month later she was still off work, still enmeshed, still grappling with the problem. She was a victim of what the U of T psychiatrist describes as "the danger that anger and frustration within the group is vented on a scapegoat."

Adjustment is a hard-won thing for most people, and perhaps should be left

alone. It would be, say experts, if all group trainers were properly trained, sensitive and detached. As it is, Alex Owen, of the National Council on Human Relations, which has a list of 400 reputable trainers in Canada, advises:

"One danger is that you are perhaps planting depths that might be too far beyond. Another is that some so-called 'trainers' may be working out their own problems on their groups. And the whole field can become a dangerous weapon: is a state of heightened awareness anyone with a dependent personality could be led into anything by a sensitive 'trainer' with some misguided cause he may want to promote. In one extreme case a doctor reported that a trainer in Toronto took a number of his group to bed so the grounds would help him."

The unwise path can be luddite. There is wide agreement among psychologists, psychiatrists and sociologists that our Helene-based society has substantially eroded mind and body.

Lacking belief in God, heaven or hell, Norcross, North Americans have recently confronted several surrogate gods, the newest being The Gestalt — a caress of mind, body, time, environment and other relevant values. Gestalt therapy is practiced by psychiatrists on clinically ill patients. The psychiatrists are angry that sensitivity trainers for "normal" people often avoid the word Gestalt.

In the name of The Gestalt, sensitivity groups try to induce a state of awareness of mind, body and environment as a totality. Industry-oriented T-groups don't dig deep into the psyche, others have it. The more wary look disconcertingly honest sound like dimensions to almost wordless, sensual exploration of other bodies and the environment. There is no typical T-group training, says Nancy MacKnight's report on one of the best-known of them (next page) is as mild as any. All produce a form of aliveness within the group, which some participants miss "outside." This has spawned a lively breed called "group leppers."

Above all, there is no measure of the benefits — or dangers — of becoming sensitized. Researchers at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education are midway through one follow-up study. They say there is an urgent need for some technique to screen and people who might be mentally disturbed by "touch me, feel me, love me" training.

Psychologist Martin Laker, of Duke University, North Carolina, recently told a conference of colleagues: "Sensitivity training is one of the most compelling and significant psychological experiments for learning (and) may be a superior device for personal and social change. However, it may also be abused or subverted into an instrument of indoctrination and ideological indoctrination, even harmful, practices." (Continued on page 38)





These feet were made for loving, and hating, and feeling in the new togetherness

BY NANCY MacNEILL

"DO OUTRAGED and choose a spot of pool no bigger than your knee," said one of the first words I heard at *Tutor or Tutor II*, if you can."

And so we went out, 15 men and women, and did just that on a bright afternoon in July at Claremont, near Toronto, where last summer the Claremont Experiment earned publicity that is partly responsible for the proliferation of university groups today.

The spot I found had four broad green blades of grass. The blades pointed to each other, shielding tiny bits of dried grass and twig. I felt the grass and the dried bits gently, and I watched the insects crawling. It was a new way to relate to the environment.

Last summer's Experiment, run by Anne Palo Harms, was held in a big weathered house and studio. When I arrived for one of the weekend sessions, eight or nine people sat over the remains of a spaghetti and meat dinner around a long pine cafeteria table.

To begin we kicked off our shoes and followed the tutor's music into an empty studio. The floor was padded. We spread out and were told to explore the space around us and move to the music. I pushed out my arms and legs, feeling the air, among the spots.

Then we lay back and were told to go to know each other's feet with our feet. To explore arches, toes, heels, calluses, blisters. We let our feet get angry at each other, then tried to tell each other about our feet that we liked and disliked.

"Close your eyes," said Anne. "Move all over the floor. Will you touch

something, explore it with your hands, rubbers, the window pane, someone's hair, a flower, an ear, an eyebrow?" I peeked a couple of inches and saw a boy and girl exploring each other in a pretty living nook.

Then we again lay on the floor spread out, and rolled. When one rolled into someone else kept going, over an under, heads, legs, feet, ankles all ending up in a pile. It broke down the stereotypes.

Sherry, dipping in the pool was out. ("There's no rule about it, but that's what we do.") Most decided to go, some made some time.

And then we talked, and ate and drank. Suddenly, after one evening, we were a community. Or were we? Strangers who had come together looking for something and hoping to find it together, and through each other. The young regulars were students or dropouts, the rest of us, from midtwenties to late forties, seemed to be nearly professional people.

—Canadian, an Australian, a Japanese, two Americans. The only common denominator was sexual status: only one other besides myself was married, though several were divorcees. Most had never done anything like this before.

We talked about sexuality and security. A long-haired young woman suggested that we could have moved into a group, and it would have been acceptable — an opinion that was by no means unanimous. Anne said sexuality was much broader than security, that sex experiences or feeling was only one part of sexual discovery. We are too goal-oriented in our love making, she said.

We explored again and found and loved our spots of ground. We lay on the floor, our heads touching and told this about our spots. I have a big piece of mine where we could lie. Does anyone want to come and love here, too? We formed groups of two and three and called them "lanterns." Bookish Anne Amalia Blackman, then a collaborator of Anne's, was surprised none of us identified each other as parents, children, sisters and brothers. We were all distinct courses who had met by accident as we related to his long-lasting names at all.

We were individuals looking for almost anything that the old labels that would pigeonhole us.

We did exercises, trying to be constantly conscious of "the outer core of being." A hand didn't reach out if extended from the core through arms, as shoulder, arm and down to the hand, so the fingertips kept tight hold of that relationship with the core. I could by then sense a quiet unity of body and mind as I moved.

We ate, we slept, we swam and played around the pool. And finally on Sunday, we dispersed, back to wherever it was we came from and whatever we hope to become — or want to be.



Eight graduates, and what T-groups did, or did not, do for them

BY LYANNE GORDON

DECREASING social scientists' casual views of T-group learning because of the lack of follow-up research, Blackwell did it on — by going back to a group of people who shared last year's Claremont Experiment with Nancy MacNeill: Margaret, 23, sociologist; "Believe Claremont," I was a walking corpse with little George, 27, civil engineer; and me, very happily married when I first went to Claremont to find a way out of my unhappiness. Afterwards I was still in a haze. I tried again with marriage, but finally left my wife. A year later I went back for a one-night workshop — all of them seem to attract people worse of their need for others. Now — well I'm still unhappy, but perhaps I realize there is only one way who can help me, and that's me. If I don't I'll go down the drain."

Paul, 41, sociologist: "It's a pseudo-religious experience sweeping through the middle classes. But even so, it had a religiousness and its religiousness I separated from my wife, perhaps because I realized that physical expression — not sex — was missing from my marriage. I haven't gone back."

Rob, 33, personnel officer: "I've been to a lot of T-groups because we use them in personnel management, and every time I wonder whether I should put myself away. It's a rewarding experience, but most people last about a year, and then they're back to the old, adjusted mediocrity. T-groups open the door, but what else can you do?"

Frank, 30, engineer, research consultant: "I quit my job soon after Claremont and took a year off. After Claremont it became obvious that job I had in industry was a waste of time. At the time I didn't think Claremont was so great, and I just wanted to spend the weekend with my need turned off. Now I realize it made me want to live my mind, not waste it."

The most profound change is that it was the only way I could meet and have a conversation with a woman who was asleep with her first, does have a reputation and five minutes' talk. Now, well I'm over this hurdle."

Tom, 26, secretary: "Before I only liked attractive-looking people, not ugly ones, but now I look deeper. At the time I was surprised and not sure it was the right occasion. Now I am. I have a boyfriend and am very much in love and can show my affection, not only at. At first, I went to a lot of sensitivity courses, including one five-day marathon, and because of a scratch, I didn't come, but I still go to them. Some are bad. I went to one weekend camped with the University of Toronto, and anything nice you said about anyone was questioned by the leader. 'Why are you saying that? You don't mean it.' At others, people just want to talk, to analyze, not feel and that's wrong, too. Now I am quieter — I used to scream — and people say I'm useful. At a party recently I saw a girl rubbing her neck. Obviously I wouldn't do it, but at that time I walked up and rubbed her neck and she flinched, and wanted to know how I knew he was tense."

Rayne, 24, owner of a firm that sells uniforms: "I feel secure enough about the money and friends to trust or even help people to show them how I feel. I was able to give up my job and start my own business, and even go back home to live with my parents because I realize now that privacy is a state of mind." George, 27, civil engineer: "I was very happily married when I first went to Claremont to find a way out of my unhappiness. Afterwards I was still in a haze. I tried again with marriage, but finally left my wife. A year later I went back for a one-night workshop — all of them seem to attract people worse of their need for others. Now — well I'm still unhappy, but perhaps I realize there is only one way who can help me, and that's me. If I don't I'll go down the drain."

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This is an actor: Alia is *Wishful Thinking*.

For years, outside the giant Trans World Airlines hangar at Los Angeles International Airport scene. A varietal sequence in which Alia, an underground film maker, emerges herself caught in a killer saw. The camera crane glides in over a baggage truck stacked with smog-filled balloons, then swoops up to a platform, window. M.M. has built into the hangar 35 feet above Alia and his wife are gazing out across the field where, as the window reflects shows, a desiring of penis arches at left and an absurd dowsy marches in the middle distance.

The shot ends. The camera crane huddles behind the window the actor playing Alia begins to clown provocatively. He is trying to attract attention and succeeds. The camera doubles up with laughter, nearly falls off his cranes and yells down to the director: "He wants to ask you some thing."

"Who does?"
Our star, Donald Sutherland.
He's a very funny guy."

Sutherland is the name. Donald Sutherland. He is indeed a very funny guy. Funny peculiar and in anyone who has savored the dry, mature wit of his performance in the black war comedy *M*A*S*H* can confirm. Funny how-so-hum. He is the funniest film actor Canada has ever produced. He may also be the best.

His awkward El Gato face and lank, sea-fair-like frame — Don Quixote Sutherland — are the distraction outward features of a highly charged individual. Like, say, Steve McQueen, he could serve as reminder for anybody else. Yet unlike McQueen, Sutherland varies into a variety of roles with a fluid range that reminds one of the early Peter Sellers (although Sellers is a punner misfit). Sutherland can portray a clattering economic court one day, a powdered French aristocrat the next, and be utterly convincing as both. Critics sometimes assume Sutherland's talents are a head's gift of nature. His private peers know better. He is a superb player because he spent half his 15 years learning how the hell way.

"Donald is one of the five or six best actors around," says Paul Mazursky, director of *Alia is Wishful Thinking*. "He's one of the few guys who can play roles other than himself and still keep his natural personality."

And what is his natural person? In a word: odd. The odd of his recent films, *Kelly's Heroes*, he appropriately plays a character called Daffodil. Sutherland's reputation for comically goes back to his days as a

student actor at the University of Toronto in the mid-1950s. Among the gray, Ivy League undergraduates of that square decade, he stood out like a scarab. Flattering. Living in a splendidly spiritual pod, affecting a beard and long, shaggy hair, he was before such things were fashionable and enveloping himself in theatrical robes over faded jeans and sandals, he was a modestly advanced good for the hippie movement.

"People dreamed him as a word not," remembers one of his many girlfriends. "That just shows how provincial we were. In fact, he's a sweet, thoughtful, sentimental and tender person. Sure, he was proud of his flip out — he's got a great body — and kind dressing up in costume. But who doesn't these days?"

Another former girlfriend is less charitable. "I remember him as a headstrong, self-conscious man pouring over volumes of Goethe and Greek to make his own way out there to metropolitan outbursts. He turned up at a formal dance once in tux and top hat and insisted on an dancing choreography. Unfortunately the record table were a bad fit. During a wild dance the pants split, zip right up the behind. That's my picture of Sutherland."

Later, as a down-and-out actor trying to make it in London, he was still regarded as a bit strange even as an expatriate society that took offense for granted. Friends recall him being around. Nothing Bill Galt in a kingly, kinder, occasionally jolly, clashing a huge box of pills to soothe his hypochondria and obsessed with the topic of capital punishment.

Success Hollywood and a happy second marriage have been healthy for Sutherland. He has plenty of money now ethically, he refuses to confirm a report that he earns more \$100,000 a picture and the west-coast atmosphere of permanent events allows him to indulge his nonconformist lifestyle while appearing only rarely. Last spring he moved to New York recently, he leased a 20-room Spanish style house in Beverly Hills that he built. (There was hardly a thing in it we could call our own.) Jack Lemmon, a comedian with whom Sutherland is often compared and James Cagney were neighbors. He delights in chomping about in a battered red Ferrari ("The single woman who didn't make Ferrari are bankrupted deliriously hooked into it after a party") but keeps a Lotus and a station wagon in reserve. He can afford to rent a \$5,000 month beach house at Malibu when the mood strikes him. He can also afford to dress as he pleases, usually in the costume he was last wearing on the set, and to carry a



The Funniest Film Actor Canada Has Ever Produced

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Photographs by Don Newlands

So funny, that Donald Sutherland is no longer called Tommy Douglas's son-in-law. Sure, his wife Shirley made headlines when she was framed by the L.A. police.

But this was the big year because M*A*S*H made Donald a superstar



Although Sutherland clowns with his director on the set, he's very self-conscious about his social image. For him, the red Ferrari is a vulgar status symbol

collected white peach as a handout with nondescript grace.

Sutherland clearly adores his wife Shirley, the 39-year-old daughter of NDP leader Tommy Douglas (the first marriage, to a girl he met at university, broke up during the early years in London). Shirley, an actress with a warm, breathy voice, won a December Drama Festival Award in 1952 and went on to study at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. After graduating, she landed top roles in several West End stage productions, including a lead in *Wonderful Town*, and was a regular star of BBC-TV dramas. Her career was briefly interrupted by her marriage to Timothy Suter, later to Calgary's *Saskatoon* (where they were divorced in 1961). She encountered Sutherland in 1960 — "I tripped over a dog at a car party in Rome and Shirley picked me up off the floor" — married her a year later and retired. They have three-year-old twins, Rachel and Kiefer. Shirley also has a 10-year-old son, Thomas, by her first marriage.

If the clown in Sutherland is more under control these days, it is not only because he takes his family responsibilities seriously. He is also suffering from the attentions of two 30-something mistresses. The first happened a year ago when he collapsed with spinal meningitis while making

Kelly's *Flowers* in Yugoslavia. Doctors gave him 24 hours to live. Shirley flew to his bedside — pausing in London to make funeral arrangements. "I was being carried down the corridor of the hospital," says Sutherland, "when I realized I was dying. It really makes you angry." The anger helped pull him through.

He was still flat as his back when Shirley, now back in Hollywood, fell victim to a weird and lingering arrangement: musicians by the Los Angeles Police Department — a force somewhat less dedicated to social justice than the Douglas television series suggested. Police interest in Shirley began when, together with UCLA history professor and dramatist Donald Freed, she was involved in setting up an organization called *The Friends Of The Black Panthers*. The aim of the all-white group is to assist the Panthers' free-breakfast and school programs. For Shirley, it was a continuation of the welfare work she has been doing most of her adult life. The Sutherland home soon became a meeting ground for blacks and whites.

At some point, the Friends were infiltrated by a hapless young agent provocateur named James Jarvis, who claimed to be a cut-throat hit man. He was actually a member of the police department's Special Weapons and Tactics (SWAT) squad. Jarvis, who-



ly continued for his spy role in black beret and camouflage jacket kept urging the group to rob gas stations and kill anti-Castro Cubans. Nobody paid much attention. Eventually, however, he convinced the Friends that they needed several tons of M-16s per lot production. (One young woman, a member of the group, had just been raped.) Faced with Shirley's huge bank money to buy the M-16s, he then turned up at Jarvis's house in the middle of the night with a cardboard box. Ten minutes later he was back with the police. The box was opened and found to contain 10 hand grenades. Jarvis had somehow obtained from a local naval arsenal.

A few hours later in a Costa public down road, police crashed through a window of the Sutherland home and arrested a bewildered Shirley at gunpoint. "Most of them had automatic weapons and were waving them at us. My son Tom came upstairs and one pointed at him. 'Up against the wall! They say all niggers down town and tried to knock down the door at the house! Yours! We keep it locked. They would have thought there were Panthers in there. Meanwhile the babes were screaming. I kept trying to tell the police where the keys

were and in the end they found them. They never did tell me what it was all about or what my rights were."

When the police stopped on the way to the station to transfer Shirley to another car, Jarvis put in an appearance. "He was running around singing in a sort of songbook. I've got the two Negroes, I've got the two Negroes! Somebody observed that I seemed very calm and happy and said, 'Of course, it's her Christmas' [meaning Mrs. Jarvis's 34th birthday]. The Communist Party in Canada."

Shirley and Freed, both charged with conspiracy to possess illegal weapons, spent three days in jail before being released on bail — \$15,000 for Shirley, \$25,000 for Freed. When the case was finally heard last February, it was thrown out of court. By failing to register the hand grenades, Jarvis had committed the very crime for which he was trying to frame the Friends. Shirley and Freed are now planning a million-dollar damage suit against the City of Los Angeles.

However, the two clown brothers, first with cuffs and then with prison, have understandably left the Sutherlands isolated and protective about their private life. Shirley is determined her children shall have as normal an upbringing as possible given

the inevitable parent shortcomings of Sutherland's career. "Donald deserves his success," she says. "He's the most professional actor I know. My only complaint is that he's working too hard. We never see him any more."

One reason Sutherland works so hard is that film making, in these free and post-Early Asher days, has suddenly become a lot of fun. Under contract to no studio, he can pick and choose from among any number of moderately budgeted, relatively experimental features currently being funded out. Watching him at the airport location last June, it was clear why he had chosen *After The Wonder*. It is a comic farce about Hollywood, produced by Larry Tucker. Tucker and director Marninsky wrote the script for *Bob And Carol And Ted And Alice*. They started in show business as *Taggart* for Disney-Kay.

The prevailing mood was joyful provocation. Shooting stopped while Sutherland paid mock homage to an Air Canada DC-8 thundering down the runway. ("Toronto Private Every Day By Air Canada, crash the big Thunder on Sunset Strip! After a particularly complicated tracking scene, Marninsky whooped with the sort of joy you would expect from a 16-year-old. "What a fantastic shot!"



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BERTON *continued*

sion. In the case of *The National Dream* I had been waiting for that moment for 11 years. I had been thinking about the book almost constantly for three years and each month with greater intensity. The initial words and phrases were, in many cases, rattling through my head. Whole scenes had taken shape, right down to the verbs and adjectives. I had wound myself into a state of suppressed excitement and literally could not wait to get to the typewriter.

I began to write the first draft of *The National Dream* on the last day of June, 1968. I completed it by the end of July. I wrote every day, usually beginning at 8 a.m. and working right through noon late evening, sometimes indeed until three in the morning. I did nothing else. I even had some of my meals beside the typewriter. I told my friends that I had gone to Mexico for a month and sworn my family to secrecy. I told the phone company to take the telephone out. It was not an easy time for my wife. I do not suffer interruptions, except those of very small children, when I am writing. I was short-tempered, uncommunicative, jealous of time and totally uncoupled in a week. I refused to discuss with anybody. I enjoyed every minute of it.

When I emerged, finally, from the cocoon of the word, I knew that I had a book. It needed a great deal of work. Over the next three months I rewrote it completely. Only then did I show it to anyone. After that I rewrote it again, and then again. One four-page section was rewritten 14 times. And I enjoyed every minute of that process, too.

The tendency of every writer who knows his craft, I think, is to cling as long as possible to his child, concealing it and speaking it, knowing that the day is fast approaching when it will be his no longer. I remember when *Wonder* was finally completed I had to fight back the compulsion to rewrite it merely as a totally different style. Rewriting is not easy and when the manuscript finally escapes from the writer's smelting house, there is likely to be a terrible reaction.

I remember very well Ralph Allen's reaction after he finished *Onward to Fear*, a brilliant history of the first half of the century in Canada. He told me that something frightening was happening to him: he could not sit, he could not sleep, he could not relax. The book kept whirling round in his head, so that when he said, when he was actually considering suicide, I was able to tell him that I had had exactly the same experience and

continued on page 51

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I think that perhaps
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BERTON *continued*

to reassure him that it would pass.

One might expect that the completion of such a work would bring a feeling of relief, but what the writer actually experiences is a dreadful letdown. The past days of creation are over. You wander disconsolately about, trying, not very successfully, to read or to look at television. Daily proof's sent and you attack them joyfully; the publisher has to restrain you from rereading every paragraph. You look back nostalgically on the long period during which the book possessed you and you long to relive those days. You know they will return eventually, when you begin a new book, but you cannot yet bring yourself to enter into a new life after with an unbroken subject.

This is the most frustrating period of any writer's existence, this limbo between books. Several months pass and nothing happens. Slowly, however, the writer is turning ideas over in his head. Little thoughts of inspiration ripple up and down his spine. Finally, a little groping and then, with more confidence, he settles upon a subject and begins to concentrate upon it. At parties you may see that glass look intently to drink, his eyes. He now has all but forgotten his previous creation. And then, at that very moment, it returns to haunt him.

The publishing process is painful. Professional writers seldom read a full year between the acceptance of a manuscript and its publication. This poses a dilemma for the professional. He has turned his back goodbye and is in the powers of being reduced by a new one. Suddenly the old book appears in print. Critics review it. Interviewers ask him about it. Friends stop him on the back and ask for late copies. Publishers hold cocktail parties in his honor. He is interviewed and asked to make speeches. He may get an award.

Then, really, is what he has been working for, if he is honest with himself — the approval of a grateful audience. Yet now that approval, to him, is strangely hollow and irrelevant. He accepts it and is vaguely warmed like each pleasure and smiles at the appropriate moments. Somebody mentions a simile in a character in his book and he struggles to recall it. Gaze carefully into his eyes and you are likely to detect a wild confusion. Everybody wants to talk about his last book; he wants to talk about his next one. He is already becoming obsessed by it and the burden that he must bear is that nobody will understand that obsession except himself. □



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How The Rich-Rich And The Just-Rich Soldier On Through Our Hard Times

There's a lot of talk about keeping to 6% wage guidelines, inflation and the price of stewing beef. But who considers the delicate plight of the poor old rich in these hard times?



Furs are a particularly subtle problem. The rich-rich still pay \$10,000 for a sable or a leopard-skin coat, because they can't afford to settle for less in a matter of days. But the just-rich seem to be economizing. As Montreal couturier Leo Chevalier says, "The \$2,000 mink coat is dead this year. In fact, we've had to cut back on all our middle-price lines. Now we're pushing the fake furs."



Financial hard times separate the men from the boys among Canada's rich. In travel, the rich-rich are those who jet about as much as ever — Paris, Athens, Rome, Mombasa — says Gordon Gorman, travel guide to the wealthy. The just rich are those who cut back. In London, they still stay at the Savoy — but they fly economy to get there.



The \$5,000 family portraits are selling well. Artist Clove Horne complains of almost too many commissions. But for the \$1,000 portraits, business is rotten. Artist John Leach had to give up painting and go back to teaching to make ends meet. "My whole market's been wiped out by tight money," he says.



Art auctioneers are feeling the pinch. The just-rich collectors are bidding more caustically this year. Geoffrey Joyner of Sotheby's says, "People aren't buying. Our sales have dropped 20% this year. The quality is there but the money isn't." The \$2,000 mink coat is dead this year. In fact, we've had to cut back on all our middle-price lines. Now we're pushing the fake furs.

In wine, the rich-rich are already laying down cases of 1969 vintage Burgundy. It's a wise move — the vintage is said to be the finest of the century. Wine consultant Lawrence Mindham says, "We sell only by the case (a good import costs \$10.50 a bottle). Our sales are soaring." The just-rich are buying, too. Perhaps they find home entertaining a less expensive than dining out.



Both rich and just-rich are being sensible about suits. They're still buying them, but not three and four at a time. Custom-tailor Charles Lloyd refuses to discuss the sales of his \$360 suits. However, he admits his business follows the market — like everything else.



In cars, the rich-rich realize the Rolls-Royce makes sense. A Calgary oilman drove one down to Texas this summer and when an admiring friend asked, "What's it worth?" he replied, "Oh, about three millions." In today's hard times, it is. The Rolls changes design every six or seven years and the Lincoln every three years. So the Roll's keeps its value. As Rolls salesman Gordon Coors puts it, "Sales have never been better. Usually customers trade in once every three years, but that's changed. This year, we're rather short of used Rolls-Royces."



The rich-rich still fill their stables with \$75,000 yearlings. After all, a horse like Nijinsky could soon be worth several

million. But this year, the just-rich are buying fewer horses. Tom Grafham, manager for the Canadian Thoroughbred Horse Society, says mournfully, "I expect sales will drop in the September auction. We've been affected before when the market slumps." There's been a 20% drop in claims over last year. Long hair claimed in a clipping race can be bought for \$2,000-\$7,000.



The rich-rich are making wise investments when it comes to plants. They've dropped the one-once-craft for a twin engine dual or sailer and carried more people. Seattle Campbell of Cessna Aircraft says, "The lower-priced models (\$14,000) aren't doing so well this year. Everybody wants a twin engine." After all, a \$30,000 plane is an economical buy. You can use it for the odd business trip as well — and it's deductible too.

BY CATHY WISMER

Drawings by Jan D. Holt
Photographs by Henry D. Holt

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AT YOUR SERVICE: MEDICINE

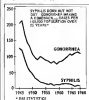
The oldest disease in the world defies the newest wonder drugs

BY M. L. CHAZOTTES

WHEN PENICILLIN came into general use after World War II, doctors began to think they had conquered diseases. But today gonorrhea, the milder form of VD, is making a comeback. After the century cold, it is probably the second most prevalent infectious disease in North America.

Public health officials are watching the statistics in something close to dismay. Not only are their traditional tactics against venerable disease powerless against gonorrhea, but penicillin is beginning to lose its punch as a cure. The two biggest factors in the return of gonorrhea are products of our modern society — a developing of sexual inhibitions and the widespread use of the birth-control pill.

In the past a look-a-like with its "here today, gone tomorrow" approach to get, in break down accepted barriers against casual encounters. The new, mostly new, makes promiscuity and extramarital sex anything but complicated. For its part, the birth-control pill may have given women a new freedom, but it also makes a cover for them to be violent and spreaders of gonorrhea and the much more dangerous disease, syphilis.



The comeback of several diseases — and its mostly because of the young — continued on page 30

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MEDICINE

Before the pill, the most widely used form of contraception was the condom, or male sheath. While not 100% certain as a birth-control method, it provided some degree of protection against venereal disease for both male and female because it usually prevented direct contact. Indeed, until recently, condoms were sold in Canada as a protection against disease as low as the marketing of birth control devices as such was illegal. The pill and intrauterine contraceptive programs have almost abolished use of the condom—and its prophylactic action.

It's obvious who's taking advantage of the new freedom and paying the penalty. Miss Sheila Tomback of Alberta's provincial public health laboratories told the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Society of Laboratory Technologists that 57% of all new cases of gonorrhea are among Canadians under 25 years old.

This follows the trend in the United States, where public health officials in major cities report that both gonorrhea and syphilis occur more commonly in the 20-24 age group. The second largest group of sufferers consists of 15- to 19-year-olds. In Philadelphia last year 50 of the city's 13,000 reported cases of gonorrhea occurred in children under 10.

"Herpes" is a key word that crops up in any discussion of gonorrhea symptoms. Only a fraction of the cases of gonorrhea seen by general practitioners are reported, although gonorrhea is a notifiable disease under federal law. Some doctors believe that reporting a case of gonorrhea lessens the confidence of the patient, and they argue that victims will be deterred from seeking help if they know their disease will be reported.

Even if he doesn't report his patient, the doctor has a tricky situation on his hands. He must ask, "Who does you had intercourse with during the past few days?" If the patient says, "Only my wife" (or husband), the doctor must resist an inclination to, too. Otherwise the patient will simply become frustrated.

A syphilis case develops immunity to reinfection during the progress of the disease. But paradoxically if he is treated and cured early, this immunity does not have a chance to develop and he, too, can be reinfected. There is, however, no immunity to gonorrhea. With patients who have almost no relief, leading the source of infection can become a detective mission.

Miss Tomback told the lab technologists' meeting of a U.S. truck driver who caught syphilis last February from a
continued on page 62



Litterbugs leave a lot to be undesired

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Think what our giant scenic areas would be like without picnic trash on city streets without dirty bits of newspapers flying in our faces in windy spots, parks and playgrounds without bottles in a given and taken and even bins of discarded food and crumpled containers.

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MEDICINE

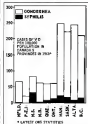
posterior in California. Finally traced, she provided leads to 342 contacts in 34 states, Canada and Mexico. A similar quest in an average small town could have the community wide open.

Eradication of the source of infection — which is one of the four principles of controlling contagious diseases — is obviously impossible with venereal diseases. So are two of the other three — quarantine and immunization; there is no vaccine in sight. Speedy treatment for the infection is all that is left. And the cured patient can go out and promptly get re-infected.

The cure for gonorrhea is still painful. In the 1940s, doses of fewer than 100,000 units cured gonorrhea. The doses needed now are around 2.4 million units, because today's strain of gonorrhea bacteria has a resistance to the antibiotic. Doctors are now using other antibiotics such as tetracycline and erythromycin. And another drug, probenecid, is being used with penicillin to slow down the rate of penicillin excretion from the body and maintain higher levels in the system.

Ironically, the provinces with the highest figures for gonorrhea infection (see table) are probably doing the best job in treating the disease. The high figures mean that many of the cases are being reported and treated.

But the big breakthrough will come when public attitudes to venereal diseases catch up with the new morality. Most people have now come to terms with sex. The next step is for them to come to terms with VD. □



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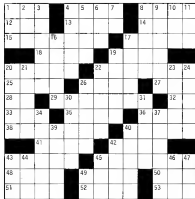


Bilingual Crossword For Non-Bilingual People: No. 4

BY DELLE HAMILTON

Des croisières

1. Autre croisière (3)
2. "Le ... Le One et la Chaudelle" (Gomide par John Van Druen) (4)
3. Nouvelle prière pour l'âme par Jacob (4)
4. Réponse: mot du poème "A une Soeur," par Robert Burns (5)
5. Polémique, scandale (4)
6. Un des deux profits prohibés: tabac (4)
7. Ville sur la rive Nord du Québec (7)
8. Escapade estivale des Rens (5)
9. Clients (4)
10. L'air de l'air (4)
11. Genre de pêches du NE (3)
12. Pousset d'une structure complexe (9) (7)
13. Mesure hétéroclite (4)
14. En plein air (4)
15. Mort à l'arrivée (Abba) (3)
16. Tobac des îles, tabac (3)
17. Bata de café (7)
18. Miel noir des terres cuites (Synonyme chimique) (3)
19. Souvenir du Niger de l'Ouest (3)
20. Réseaux protestants (Rivers) (4)
21. Genre de pêches (4)
22. Une ruse (7)
23. Voleur coup de vent (5)
24. Donner acide (4)
25. Saponification (4)
26. Pique (5)
27. Un discours du Canada (7)
28. "L'... vit" de Jean Bergeron (9) (4)
29. Agie symbolique des Dats (4)
30. Police brève de minuscule scandale (3)
31. "Je repense, et repense, j'ai un bon d'un" (Rue 5-8) (4)
32. Dots gros de pierre (4)
33. Jour de la somme (Rue) (3)



Vieillesse

1. Instrument pour porter des traits (5)
2. Surtout des "Bédouins" de John Macpherson (3)
3. Surtout de Colombie britannique (5)
4. Devant fou (5)
5. Médique et autre (4)
6. Pousset classique (3)
7. Motif de prendre chose (Abba) (3)
8. Interprète acrobate (5)
9. — de L'empire (5)
10. Sauterie d'homme (3)
11. Genre (3)
12. Epouse de Téléphos (5)
13. Nouveau genre de tabac (5)
14. Facile à dupier (3)
15. Parole de Dieu (Theil) (5)
16. La plus simple forme de vie animale (3)

25. Miroir canadien (3-4-6-13-14) (5)
26. Réponse (5)
27. Découverte du Liban de (3)
28. Prince de vie (Chandelle) (5)
29. Aménagement d'un logement (4) (3)
30. Sauterie par parties (5)
31. Surtout de prendre chose (Abba) (3)
32. Télégraphe sans fil (9) (3)
33. Genre de pêches (5)
34. Pousset (5)
35. Défilé (4)
36. L'air (4)
37. L'air (4)
38. L'air (4)
39. L'air (4)
40. L'air (4)
41. L'air (4)
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51. L'air (4)
52. L'air (4)
53. L'air (4)

ANSWER, ACROSTIC NO. 4 (SILVER) MOUNTAIN
 Mountain is in the South
 "My love lives in the South
 rather of soft park, and make
 a girl of Mountain center,
 the bread I had been giving
 was hickory, but given
 flour will not make light
 bread, and it was certainly
 heavy. For the best I've
 felt heavily soaked of my
 hickory tree."

DIRECTIONS: The clues are in French; you fill in the diagram with answers in English. The French is only — what you remember of your high school French should crack the toughest clues. Bilingual Crossword will appear every other month, alternating with Canada's Toughest Acrostic. Answer to the acrostic above will appear next month.



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SHARE YOUR GOOD HEALTH

AT YOUR SERVICE: MONEY

Better be sure your house is OK for insurance

A man's biggest asset is usually his house. His money is tied up in the clothing and other contents he keeps inside.

If you want to calculate what insurance you need, start with the house and write down Rule No. 1: *Insure only what you can lose.*

If the market value of the house is \$40,000, deduct the value of the lot, then don't go to town down. Typically, that brings the amount of needed insurance down to \$35,000. Then deduct the cost of the furnishings and contents and anything else undergirded that is relatively permanent. That may bring you down to \$25,000.

Now you can quote to 80% or more of the \$25,000, which is what most insurance plans would support, or you can buy more limited coverage.

The limited coverage of the house itself — say, \$10,000 of that \$25,000 — has its disadvantages, however: with only partial insurance an adjuster will figure depreciated value, and so damage of \$10,000 might yield a payoff of, say, \$9,000. Insurance coverage of 80% would produce compensation totaling the \$10,000 damage.

Partial coverage doesn't save much either. One major company says 80% insurance on a \$25,000 house would cost \$74 for three years, while coverage of only \$10,000 would cost \$43. The cost of a \$40,000 house may be threefold, or could include valuable antiques. If the life of a centerfold can be put at 30 years and it originally cost \$400, you will be fortunate to collect \$200 if it's destroyed when it's five years old.

This means that you cannot to the value of what you can really lose. So, make a list of everything and review it every year. If you don't know what everything is worth, find out.

Homeowners don't go up as fast as much as the land. A typical big city suburban house selling now for \$35,000 may have cost \$20,000 15 years ago. But the lot value has probably gone up from \$5,000 to \$12,000, so the house therefore has risen only from \$17,000 to \$25,000.

Many companies are now offering coverage that expires automatically, say, about 3% a year. But before you can make an intelligent decision on this or any other variety of insurance, you must first calculate what you own and what it would cost you to lose it. That's what most of us don't do. □

When Imperial Oil was founded in 1880 we were already celebrating our 16th year.

Scored far-sighted businessmen started Imperial Oil in the town of London, Ontario.

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Smirnoff It keeps you beautiful



Go and see "Goin' Down The Road." You'll help Don Shebib pay for his new sports car, and encourage him to make more movies

BY KASPARS DZEGUZE

THE TATTERED blue Chevy convertible with the flames painted on the hood belches at every mile of the long road from New Scotia to Toronto. But at least it's here, not there, in empty ones of such spirit from the lap of Peter and Joey are roadside distractions. Empire line the road — from the Maritimes where the good life are here, to the roaring blues reality of an experimental city, where they do — as surely as Roman makers of those centuries a provincial's progress toward the eternal city.

But if *Goin' Down The Road* isn't rewarding for Peter and Joey, who eventually flee Toronto to return their features (and escape the heat), it's an unexpected success for producer-director Donald Shebib, a 32-year-old veteran of 17 films whose latest and unassuming 90-minute feature has received more notices than any Canadian film, with the possible exception of Allen King's documentary *Wavelength* and *A Married Couple*. Certainly, no feature film since Don Owen's *NoBODY Wound Good-By* (1964) has generated as much controversy about the future of Canada's sprawling film industry.

At the New Yorker Cinema in Toronto, where *Goin' Down The Road* had its premiere on July 1, people have been lining up on weekends hoping to get a seat. So far the film has grossed about \$150,000, which Morley Hunter, general manager of Phoenix Film Inc., the company distributing the film across Canada, calls "exceptional." Hunter says he expects Peter and Joey to keep going down the road a long



time. Shebib's success, says Hunter, can be gauged from the fact that Phoenix Physics has arranged nationwide showings of *Goin' Down The Road* in at least 100 theaters across the country.

For a mere \$15,000 Shebib has not only created a film that breaks with conventional the plot of the road movie, unadorned transported Maritimer, he's also explored that myth about our identity toward Canadian film. "I don't think Canadian moviegoers have been going out of their way to keep locally made films down," he says. "And the critics might have been a bit overly generous toward me." *Goin' Down The Road* received good reviews from all three Toronto newspaper critics. The *Toronto Daily Star* called it a "great Canadian movie."

Well, it's certainly interesting and craftsmanlike. Doug McGrath as Peter and Paul Bradley as Joey go beyond the settings and details that make it specifically Canadian.

Sections — perhaps partly because their parts are not unlike Peter's and Joey's — McGrath was born in Sydney, NS, and Bradley grew up in Toronto's Cabbagetown, which provided the film's folkloric setting. "When we walked into this house, we were given out," Shebib recalls. "I've never recalled anything so real in my life." The screenplay by William Frost is sometimes comically credible. In one especially touching moment, Joey drunkenly tells friends at his wedding reception that he and "Bet" — Betty, played by Joyce Eastwood — would have gotten married even if the women's progress.

Shebib says in *Goin' Down The Road* that it is "more Canadian in an subject matter than any film I've ever seen." And it is Canadian, though not exclusively (as Morley or Hunter) mention, the story has an authenticity beyond the settings and details that make it specifically Canadian.

Shebib had been inspired by the parallel between the migrant Irish laborers of John Sweeney's *The Gospel Of Mark* and the Maritimers who have been to take their chances "out west." "I was going to make a documentary, very, very serious to trace the Maritimers' path," he says, slipping through a stack of old records in his cozy apartment over a Toronto gift shop. ("This is kind of Toronto and Toronto broke," he comments, playing on his stereo tape a recording of Funky Boney singing *My Men*.) "I had a writer working on the documentary script as early as December, 1967. Everything changed, though, when I started working for CBC-TV's *The Way It Is*. I met Bill Frost, who was an editor for the film, and he decided to write a feature film based on the same idea."

That was September, 1968. When the Canadian Film Development Corporation awarded a grant of \$100,000 to Shebib, and a score of other Canadian film makers in June, 1969, Frost's script was nearly ready. "We just about passed out when we went to see *Midnight Cowboy*," says Shebib, "because our script had Peter and Joey living in an abandoned warehouse, just like the *Midnight Cowboy*. The script was changed, and by Christmas Shebib had poured all of his \$15,000 "government" grant into eight weeks of shooting. "I didn't know where the money was from."

Shebib was broke. Absolutely broke. He had even sold his beautiful, antique-mounted Morgan Pan 4 sports car. But in February he received a magic call of the

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If not, our service technicians are already trained. And our dealers will have a big inventory of parts in stock even before the Vega arrives. So if you do need a leader to bolt on, you can get one easily.

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Another contributing factor to Vega's virtually service-free design is its very durable aluminum engine.

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Still, no car is perfect. Sooner or later, your Vega will need a little professional help. So once again we remind you that we offer more of that than anybody else. We're handy to have around.

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film for Robert Fode, head of Phoenix Film and owner of a small Pacific chain (including the New York Cinema in Toronto and Theatre Guy in Montreal). "Fode told me, 'I think you've got a very new film,' and offered me a distribution contract. On the basis of my agreement with Phoenix, the CPBC gave me enough money to finish the film. I received the finished print on the day of the premiere."

Shahz explains his preoccupation with networks—reflected also in such documentaries as *Dean's Choice*, about a motorcycle gang, and *Good Times Bad Times* ("my best film"), about old soldiers fading away—to "representing something in my personal history." It's so much a part of him that, even now, he seems unwilling to accept personal success. "I study *Lord of the Rings* for a long time and have only come to like it lately. It's not weird enough, just enough for me." Most young artists can't take such a practical-fact approach to their work, nor can they dispense, as Shahz does, with these relativist, postmodernist assumptions and ideological concerns that shroud their creativity. Shahz confesses that when he enrolled in a film course at UCLA in 1961 he was "naïve, because everybody else seemed to know so much about film" while he'd never taken so much as a snapshot.

If Shahz's themes are highly personal, his inspired, uncommercial approach seems doubly Canadian in origin. Peter and Jung aren't heroes, like the peachy crew of *Easy Rider*, or anti-heroes, like the despoiled outcasts of *Midnight Cowboy*. They're *average*, exalted not put down, they're treated fairly, without hubris or condescension, in a style, documentary in origin, that is becoming the backbone of Canadian film.

But Shahz's gaze indicates that filmmakers are hardly the point of film-making. "*Good Times Bad Times* better make some money, or I'm not going to have anything to pay for my new Morgan Plus 6." (C

TELEVISION

Here's the new season: if we want more we'll have to pay for it

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

For Canadian television, it has been a year of public wonder and preview in the season. An extraordinary season, an annus mirabilis of the broadcasting era. It was the year the formidable Canadian Radio-Television Commission, in response to a cable TV bill the year viewers desisted and got *The Fugate* Saga, marveled at *Colossus*, cracked

year the networks played the world, soon he only knew rather than went high and the view was. It was a year of high achievement and great expectations.

At the same time, there is little to suggest excitement in the coming season's great-line programming shown below. (The schedule is subject to minor changes, and in some areas, different new shows. Programs new to the network are shown in yellow. Shows that should be good bets — on the basis of past form or advance tip — are marked with a red asterisk.) The CBC, it is true, has maintained 12½ hours a week of active content in prime network time. (This excludes hockey broadcasts and local

CBC

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
7:00-7:59	CLASH OF THE GIANTS	LOCAL	LOCAL	LOCAL	LOCAL	LOCAL	THE CANADIAN
7:30-8:00	LOCAL	THE NEW PEOPLE (U.S. import)	LOCAL	THE NEW PEOPLE (U.S. import)	LOCAL	LOCAL	LOCAL
8:00-8:30	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG
8:30-9:00	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG
9:00-9:30	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG
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10:00-10:30	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG
10:30-11:00	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG
11:00-11:30	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG
11:30-12:00	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG

ETV

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
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7:30-8:00	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG
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11:30-12:00	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG	THE BULLDOG

For sale: 'Group of Seven' miniatures.



On September 18, 1970, the Canada Post Office commemorates the 50th anniversary of what was perhaps the greatest Canadian impact on the international art scene. The founding of the famous 'Group of Seven', Arthur Lismer's 'Ides of Space' was chosen to represent the Group.

The unacknowledged lack of four stamps commemorated on a colourful brochure with a description of the stamps, a portrait of Arthur Lismer and a brief history of the Group of Seven. We'll find it all to you in a special envelope — for only \$1.00.

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productions) but the corporation is still showing up its earnings with 10 hours of empty CTV, which has until 1972 to meet the CRTC's content requirements, is still showing hours a week of made-in-Canada shows—and two of those shows dubious co-productions — scattered among 15 hours of foreign entertainment.

Senior spokesmen from both networks plead for patience. "Wait until next year," they say. And to be fair, next daytime schedules display promises of better things to come. CTV is blocking its weekday afternoons with two co-productions, *Famous Jury Trials* and a family serial called *The Trouble With Tracy*, plus a panel show hosted by Rick Little. The private network is also mounting an imaginative children's program, *Mary's Missions* with Marc Smeets, at 10:30 on Sunday mornings.

The CBC's already respectable daytime offerings include one major new element, 35 North Maple Road, a daily sitcom, described as part drama and part "how to do it." It stars Max Ferguson and Joan Drury as a married couple. What's more important for mothers of preschoolers, the CBC will be putting their money where their mouths are. If we want a truly public network to reinforce Canadian identity, and I suspect most of us do, we'll have to say let them do it. 95% of our eight million taxpayers now watch TV regularly. Levy a \$10-a-year license fee from each of us — if it could be deducted at source as part of our income tax — and the CBC would have \$240 million a year to underwrite efforts to play around with that. The more than 10 million viewers of the CBC's *Children's* can be expected this winter. Let us pray.

But taking a longer view of the new schedule, one is left with an uneasy feeling that perhaps reform by regulation is not going to work in Canada. CRTC entrance won't obliterate the fact that we have two networks, one government by necessity and the other commercial by desire, self-consciously failing

production responsibilities because of direct competition. Some form of fundamental reorganization is needed. That leads us to a question being asked with increasing frequency: why not a truly public, commercial-free CBC?

Since the Fowler Report, it has been interestingly fashionable to say the CBC is bankrupt. For its commercial involvement CBC president George Davidson refuted this theme recently when he cleared advertising keeps the CBC "in touch with the real world." Don't let me be longer to say. No one would seriously suggest Britain's BBC and NET in the United States are redeveloped in fantasy in many ways their programming continues more honest reality than any sponsor-dominated system since. What I am sure of is that the CBC's construction, which is maintained by a national bureaucracy and yields less than \$40 million a year as revenue, is beginning to have a debilitating effect on Canadian television as a whole.

Surely it is time to put their money where their mouths are. If we want a truly public network to reinforce Canadian identity, and I suspect most of us do, we'll have to say let them do it. 95% of our eight million taxpayers now watch TV regularly. Levy a \$10-a-year license fee from each of us — if it could be deducted at source as part of our income tax — and the CBC would have \$240 million a year to underwrite efforts to play around with that. The more than 10 million viewers of the CBC's *Children's* can be expected this winter. Let us pray.

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REVIEWS

SPORT

Gil Perreault, hockey's new superkid, lets his figures do the talking

BY FRANK OER

In the old-timey NHL's Hockey League, Gilbert Perreault went out to capture a pleasant 1970-71 season as a rookie centre with Montreal. Canadiens Perreault would follow every 17 or 18 Canadian boy's dream of wearing the blue-and-orange Canadiens would use him in duty until he was ready for full-time duty.

But this is the 14-team, shared, realigned NHL, and instead of the glory of Les Canadiens, Gil Perreault, who at 21 has yet to play his first NHL game, is the player expected to grab Perreault on the spot of a rookie star.

Pro hockey's hottest prospect at big (6-foot-1, 196 pounds), good looking and very shy, one of a family of six from Wakefield, Quebec, where his father works for the Canadian National Railway. Gilbert was 12 when he first attracted attention at the Quebec City youth level. He moved to be moved into junior hockey with Thetford Mines, then spent three seasons with Junior Canadiens in the amateur developmental system of the Quebec Hockey Association. He played A series. During the 1969-70 season he scored 51 goals, scored 70 assists and

Buffalo and the Vancouver Canucks. In which he would sacrifice a few lesser players from Montreal's well-matched farm system in exchange for Perreault, trading a few prospects for the whole package. But Montreal, a gesture of big thinking common among NHL owners, decided that expansion to Buffalo and Vancouver would work only if the two new teams acquired young, talented players of Perreault's calibre. So there was no doubt. Instead was first draft choice from Vancouver — and the opportunity to grab Perreault on the spot of a rookie star.

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was voted an all-star and the league's most valuable player.

Perruch speaks little English, so Junior Canadian coach Roger Beland often acted as his interpreter as he screened with English writers. Gabor's addition answered Beland's lengthy questions with some terse "oui" or "non."

"He is a quiet but not a shy" says Beland. "He sat around and I told him I should keep it at even a business court, to improve his English in case he wound up in Buffalo or Vancouver. But he said he wanted to give all his answers in hockey."

Perruch calls Montreal Canadian captain Teja Beliveau, another native of Victoriaville, "the master." And there's a Beliveauish slouch to his style of play, a flair that separates the superiors from the journey-men. "Beliveau has been my hero for as long as I can remember," he says. "He's the greatest, and I've started really watching him play I guess I copied his style from the time I started playing hockey."

"Many great junior players have been inducted in pro hockey," says Beliveau. "The ones that won't happen to Perruch. He's an exceptional skater and very smart, which, along with his great reflexes, should permit him to adjust to NHL hockey very easily."

Young hockey players are seen every-where today that they used to be, and some of them—Bobby Orr, for instance—have found because

being such as former All-Star defenseman in charge their careers. During contract negotiations with Buffalo, Fairweather was "advised" by friends in Victoriaville, including his brother-in-law, a salesman. It's believed Buffalo gave him a signing bonus of the \$12,000 range and a first-year salary of \$10,000.

Beliveau, who is manager-coach of Quebec Remparts, signed Beliveau to his first professional contract in 1950, but no doubt about Perruch. "Well, if he can't

make it, then what junior player can? I mean, what that is, what junior player I watched him play last season, especially against the Toronto Marlboros, he wasn't very good. But one night in St. Catharines he was terrific and produced a great victory time he looked the part."

Beliveau said "It was really something, almost strange, in fact. Twenty years ago, I went to Victoriaville to get Beliveau's autograph, in contrast, and he was the best prospect in hockey. This year, I was back in Victoriaville, again to sign the best prospect."

LOOK FOR RECORDS

■ A Musical Season (Philips). What sounds like a collection of List, Chopin, Schubert, Brahms, Schumann and Grieg recordings is, in fact, an album of classical (various) by Rosamund Brown. Rosamund Brown? Not some reason, the master musician—Mozart, Beethoven and Bach, among others—decided that Evelyn Brown's Rosamund Brown should be the medium for their unfinished or revised thoughts, and for the past 30 years they've been denoting everything from songs to symphonies to her—or so she says. The album length, but it's not that easy. Rosamund Brown has never had musical training, and yet the pieces in this album sound as if they actually might have been composed by List, Chopin, Schubert, or P. D.

■ The Perth County Conspiracy Does Not Rest (Colombus). Living in Stratford, Ontario, in the heart of Perth County, the Perth County Conspiracy, led by Cedric Smith, an estranged actor, and Richard Kerley, an ex-mayor of Colton from Detroit, plus their musical attacks "on everything out there" by creating a brand of witty, slightly and folk music that is part country "is" writers, part post-apocalyptic. This album, *The Perth County Conspiracy does not rest*.

REVIEWS

BOOKS

With these 41 books you can own a Canadian library for only \$97.50

BY ROBERT WEINER



It is possible to put together a reasonable library of Canadian books that won't be the billy for modern living, elegantly or not too much? A Europe-on-five-dollars-a-day kind of library? Well, here's a small selection of Canadian books, representative of the best of Canadian writing, some new and mostly reprints, and all of them paperbacked and available from the publisher.

Today poets are the community scientists among Canadian writers, going public readings, making tapes for the CBC and for LP records, and often making more copies of their books than even a poet would have published 15 years ago. Journals of the standard epiphany, begun with these selections that are making and a little more. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (Macmillan \$2.95), a gathering of Canadian natural verse by P. J.

Scott and A. J. M. Smith, *Love Where The Night Is Long* (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.95), a collection of poems by Irving Layton, and *Thawing* (Peter Martin \$2.50), poems about hibernating, mostly by younger writers, edited by Doug Fothering.

From the many poets whose works might be included, add books by J. R. Leonard, *Cohen's Selected Poems* (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.50) has been a best seller in England and the United States as well as Canada. *The Collected Poems of Irving Layton* (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.95) is the most generous sampling of work by the spokesman of modern Canadian poetry, and *The Poems of Earle Brown* (New Canadian Library \$1.50) is by an older poet whose work seems to grow contemporary with the times. The years pass. A. W. Purdy's *The Caribou Mower* (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.50) is one of those books that discovers a script, present at the time of writing, but not so obvious. Margaret Atwood's *The Journals of Janina Moore* (Oxford, \$1.95) and Gwendolyn MacEwan's *The Shadow-Maker* (Macmillan \$3.95) are new books by two of the many good women poets in the country.

■ **New books of poetry** (Sci \$2.95). The poets are the scientific, the short-story writers, with almost nowhere left to publish, remain the literary criticism. It's a subtle and often subtle and takes time a handful of Canadian short-story writers have been able to publish substantial collections of their work, and that the books usually stay in print and read, *Stories* (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.95), a gathering of Canadian natural verse by P. J.



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